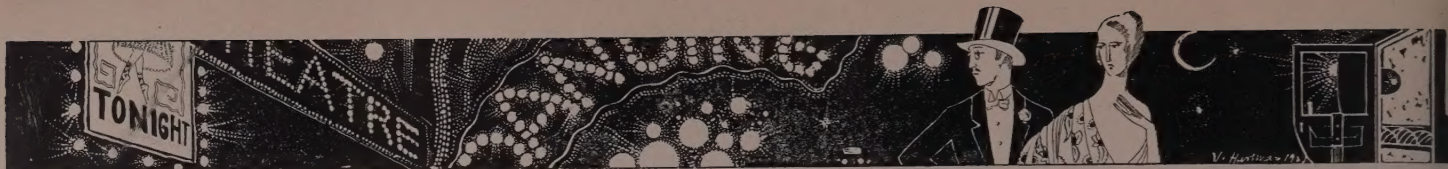


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THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

WHEREVER people start talking about plays this fall—the drama proper, that is, in distinction to musical comedy—two questions will be asked, we believe, more frequently than any others: One, "Have you seen *Two Fellows and a Girl*?" The other, "Have you seen *In Love With Love*?" Yes may be the answer to the first, and No to the second, or vice-versa. But for a complete satisfaction with life and the theatre the answer should be Yes to both. For they go together—companion pieces—the two plays of Vincent Lawrence, simultaneously successful, so much alike and yet quite different.

THE EMOTION OF RECOGNITION

ALIKE in that they are both comparatively plotless, that the casts are made up entirely of young things save for one paternal parent, that their scene and the screamingly amusing dialogue is essentially of America and that they both rely for their overwhelming success on the fact that modern human beings possess to such a developed degree that extra emotion, discovered once on a time by William James—"the emotion of recognition." If ever the fourth wall of a house seems to have been taken down it is in these two delicious comedies. "How human, how natural, how like!" chortles the audience.

And let no one imagine that the type of acting that the plays require is easy to put over, the off-hand, careless attitude, the naturalistic dialogue of broken and interrupted sentences, where mere exclamations and

sometimes hardly more than a gesture or the clearing of a throat furnish cues. Each of the actors in both casts displays his or her own particular little *tour de force*, and all do wonderful team-work.

REAL VERSUS STAGE REALISM

SPEAKING of the former it happened that later on in the same evening on which *Two Fellows and a Girl* had been witnesses we sat next Claiborne Foster on the seats running round the wall at The Rendezvous. Our escort, unsophisticated in dramatic rendering, and who had been much taken with Miss Foster's minxy flapperish ways and high pert voice in the play was somewhat disconcerted, we think, to observe the difference in her demeanor off stage. In white and with a large comb in her hair she conversed with her handsome young Argentine companion in a manner half demure, half *grande dame*. The young Argentine, however, appeared more than satisfied.

THE BALLET AT THE CAPITOL

WE have been meaning for some time to speak of the work of La Gambarelli at the Capitol. Not only is she first ballerina there, but she is ballet mistress as well, and only nineteen at that. We saw a Chinese dance she put on recently that was enchanting, a harmony of costume, music, and figures, centering round a magical little *pas seul* done by Gambarelli herself with large Chinese fans.

ANNE ARCHBALD

WRITE FOR A COPY OF THE PLAY GUIDE



Gambarelli, the young ballerina at the Capitol, recently arranged and appeared there in a Chinese dance involving an intriguing manipulation of Chinese paper fans.

going to New York ?

A Personal Word From Arthur L. Lee

HAVE you ever, in your travels, found a Hotel (probably of moderate size) where the Owner or Manager, by his personal interest in your comfort and welfare, made your stay conspicuously pleasant?

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ARTHUR L. LEE, Manager.

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The Reed Pipers—Arcadian Pastoral Posed by Theo Hewes' Dancers.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: After a mysterious retirement of twenty years Eleanora Duse, the world's greatest actress, has returned to the stage and is coming to America next month. Read in the November THEATRE MAGAZINE the close up personality study of the famous Italian tragedienne written by one who knows her intimately. How are plays selected, where do the speculators get their tickets,—in a word all you want to know about the business end of play production in our next issue. James S. Metcalfe, former dramatic critic of *Life*,—the uncompromising brilliance of whose pen has made him one of America's foremost authorities in the theatre—will contribute an article in his usual caustic style for the next number. You must not miss this! These are only a few of the big features scheduled for a splendid November number, which includes, as usual, a list of beautiful photographic and sketch reproductions.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

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PAUL MEYER }

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 271.

OCTOBER, 1923



MRS. FISKE

Latest portrait of America's most distinguished player taken exclusively for "Theatre Magazine" by Alfred Cheney Johnston



SUPPLICATION

Beauty of Line and Posture in a Camera Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston
(Posed by a Member of the Morgan Dancers)

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Olla Podrida

The Return of Eleanora Duse

SO Duse is positively coming! After a long and mysterious retirement into private life, this great actress, whose art has been lost to the stage for two decades, has listened at last to the lure of Yankee dollars, no longer able to resist the pressure of extraordinary economic conditions.

Morris Gest has booked the tragedienne to open here October 29th with her own company. A unique feature of the contract is that the Italian artiste is to give only two performances weekly. When Duse was here twenty years ago she acted on alternate nights, claiming that her nervous system required that much rest between performances. Now it appears even that is too great a strain. One can readily understand that such a supersensitive nature as hers is not ordinary clay but a delicate, temperamental organism requiring tender handling, yet from the brutal business point of view, it is difficult to see what profit can possibly accrue to either the actress or her impresario with a heavy overhead going on seven days a week and receipts coming in only two days. The report that the Italian performances will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House seems preposterous on the face of it, unless, indeed, the engagement is to be regarded as little better than an international circus. Possibly it is argued that, since so few people here understand Italian, it can only be dumb show at the best and, when it comes to pantomime, the vast, cavernous opera house is as good as anywhere else, to say nothing of the added seating capacity. Business is business. People, it is argued, will pay to see Duse, not to follow the subtle shadings of her wonderful artistry. If this is the managerial reasoning, why did it not also apply in the case of the Moscow Art troupe?

Duse retired from the stage many years ago when at the zenith of her world fame. She left the boards, it was said at the time, because her spirit was broken by what Gabriele D'Annunzio, the famous Italian poet, said of her in his book, *Il Fuoco*. The comic opera hero of Fiume had long been her admirer and he made her the principal figure of his novel in which, however, he was indiscreet enough to say that she had lost her youth and was growing old. It was the truth, but it broke her heart—coming from the man she loved. Recently, after many years of seclusion, she returned to the stage and, after successes in Rome and other Italian cities, scored a great triumph in London. Today Duse is a white-haired woman of over sixty, but, according to the English critics, her incomparable art is still unimpaired and only mellowed by the long period of silence and suffering.

Managerial Bluff!

WHY do theatre managers spend time and money making newspaper announcements which they themselves have not the slightest idea of taking seriously? On the opening night of the melodrama *Zeno* at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre the advertisements stated that the performance would start at 8.30 P.M., after which time positively nobody would be seated. Of course, the notice was the veriest bunkum.

The curtain did not go up until 8.45 and the ushers continued seating late comers until after nine o'clock. The surprising thing is why managers should go to the trouble of making such rules if they have no idea of carrying them out. Or is it, as we strongly suspect, only managerial bluff, something to make the public think their production is more important than it really is, so important that the slightest disturbance would upset the performance and mar what would otherwise prove one of the most sensational hits of the season?

The Passing of Franklin H. Sargent

THE news that Franklin Sargent had killed himself seemed to Broadway almost incredible. It was the very last thing to be expected of that placid, refined, gentle personality. Other men, engaged in less peaceful pursuits, have come unfortunately to the same tragic end only too often. Bankers, brokers, business men, plunged into the maelstrom of finance or commerce, unable to stem the swift current, have destroyed themselves rather than face disgrace or failure. But Sargent knew nothing of such anxieties. A quiet, scholarly man, entirely aloof from the maddening crowd, for nearly forty years he had led a hermit sort of existence, emerging from his retirement now and then to run down to the Players' Club, but most of his days and nights wholly devoted to his school—the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. It was his little world. The clash of nations, the tramp of armies, the world in flames—little of that reached his ears. Buried in his office on top of Carnegie Hall, all that mattered were his actor students and what they would do to bring credit to the institution of which he was the honored head.

Why he killed himself we may never know. Was his lonely, sensitive nature unable to withstand even the slight contact with the world into which his work necessarily brought him? Was the passing of the years—he was 67—a warning that the time was fast approaching when he could no longer hope to remain active in his beloved school? Had he other troubles no man guessed? Who can say?

The theatre has never known a more earnest or sincere worker. No one in our generation has done the stage better service. He gave dignity to our boards in that he insisted that his students should, first of all, be ladies and gentlemen. Himself a man of education and high principles, he demanded the maintenance of a certain standard. He never pretended to be able to teach acting to those who possessed no natural talent for the stage, but he did insist and very properly that acting was not something to take up casually, for want of something better, but that the calling of the player is a serious and honorable vocation and that the would-be actor, to be successful, must be as well grounded in his profession as the lawyer or the doctor in his, in other words, that only the educated actor can hope to make any lasting impression on his time. That is what Franklin Sargent preached and that is why playgoers today lament his tragic death and do honor to his memory.

Robert James Malone



The Night Before the Broadway Opening

Cross-Section of a Rapid-Fire Musical Comedy Rehearsal, Under the Auspices of the Three Muses—Gloom, Confusion and Artistic Temper

(Sketched by Robert James Malone)

American Playwrights Not Welcome Here?

Theatre Guild, Backed by Public Money, Seemingly Indifferent to Native Talent

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

IT is a curious fact that at a moment when the American playwright has never before given such striking evidence of his ability to produce plays that for intellectual power and originality of treatment, compare favorably with the best of the European dramatists, when American plays are being translated into foreign tongues and performed in all the capitals of Europe, one of America's most important producing theatres, supported financially by American dollars, should devote its energies to foreign plays, practically to the exclusion of the native playwright. In the following article an attempt is made to explain the Guild's attitude.—EDITOR.

NO doubt because I was a member of the volunteer building committee which helped the Theatre Guild sell the bonds for their new theatre, I am frequently asked, "Why don't the Theatre Guild produce more American plays? Why do they go to Europe for 80% or more of their repertoire?"

I think this is a fair question, though I cannot answer it, of course, officially. I am not a member of the Theatre Guild, but merely a friend, and I have never had a word to say about their choice of plays, nor even been present at any meeting where the choice of a play was the object of the discussion. Yet I think I know why the Guild choose most of their plays from foreign sources. To be sure, they have themselves publicly stated the reason, and unlike some managerial statements, I believe theirs is absolutely veracious, at least so far as it goes.

NATIVE PLAYS NOT GOOD ENOUGH

BUT first let us consider a moment the reasonableness of the feeling that the Guild should produce more native plays. The Theatre Guild is a so-called Art Theatre; that is, it is conducted primarily for the best possible production of interesting and worth while plays, and not as a business venture. What, actually, has made it so remarkable, and the wonder of many Europeans, even, is that it has also been conducted on sound business lines, and without any subsidy whatever, has always been self supporting and maintained a working capital. Still, the fact remains that it is an Art Theatre, and our only professional Art Theatre. An Art Theatre in Moscow which thrives on a foreign repertoire, an Art Theatre in Paris in which over 80% of the plays were non-French, an Art Theatre in Berlin which produced only one German play in two years, is unthinkable. It wouldn't be considered a national asset at all. Yet, doing just that in New York, the Theatre Guild has become the most famous, successful and influential theatre in America. It is a curious phenomenon. The public, even while it feels that the Guild is not doing its duty by the native drama, yet supports the Guild and subscribes to \$600,000 worth of its bonds.

Well, I believe the members of the Guild feel just about as the public does. They think they ought to produce more American plays, too. They recognize that a New York Art Theatre with an 80% foreign

repertoire is something of an anomaly. Yet, like the public, when it comes to the point of actual interest in the theatre, the foreign play is what wins them. In other words, and in plain words, the American drama isn't good enough to be presented in an Art Theatre, with the standard the Guild has set by plays of Shaw, Tolstoi, Masefield, Ervine, Ibsen, Molnar, and so on. These plays, it must be remembered, are

his dramas, you've got me stumped. I'm sure I don't know, unless, possibly, the rumors are true that Mr. O'Neill and the Guild could not agree about certain changes in a *Mss.* and he went elsewhere for production.

I have been reading plays for a good many years. Recently, for some months, I helped the Equity Players to go through the vast stock of manuscripts which piled

up in their office as soon as they announced that they were going to produce native dramas, if they could find good ones. I heartily recommend such an experience to anybody who cherishes the delusion that dramatic masterpieces are going begging on Broadway. The vast majority of these manuscripts had neither distinction of idea nor decent competency of execution. Some were by well-known writers. I recall one by a financially successful playwright, which treated an American historical theme, and would have made a superb burlesque played to a sophisticated audience. The one play discovered and produced which had both idea and technique was by Jesse Lynch Williams—*Why Not?* The Guild might have had this play, it is only fair to say. I think they made a mistake not to take it. The two other plays produced by Equity, both by young Americans, were *Hospitality* and the much discussed expressionistic drama, *Roger Bloomer*. Both dramas had intellectual solidity, they meant something, and *Roger Bloomer* was strangely imaginative. But neither play, as submitted, was ready for the

stage technically. The Guild might justly have rejected both of them on this ground. Indeed, they should have done so for business reasons.

NOT A TRAINING SCHOOL

FOR, do not forget, the Guild has no subsidy. It cannot afford to put on plays which aren't ready for the stage, merely to give the authors, however promising, a chance to learn. The Guild has to make every production count. It cannot, being an Art Theatre, fall back on popular hokum to recoup its losses. It must produce plays worth while. Therefore it must see to it that those plays are just as good "theatre," just as craftily and well put together, as possible. They must make every appeal they legitimately can to an audience. And the well rounded, technically competent and intellectually significant

(Continued on page 48)

Plays Produced by the Theatre Guild

Foreign

Bonds of Interest (Spanish)
John Ferguson (English)
The Faithful (English)
Power of Darkness (Russian)
Jane Clegg (English)
Dance of Death (Swedish)
The Treasure (Yiddish)
Heartbreak House (English)
Mr. Pim Passes By (English)
Liliom (Hungarian)
The Cloister (Belgian)
Wife With a Smile (French)
He Who Gets Slapped (Russ.)
Back to Methuselah (Eng.)
What the Public Wants (Eng.)
From Morn to Midnight (German)
R. U. R. (Czecho Slovak)
The Lucky One (English)
Tidings Brought to Mary (French)
Peer Gynt (Norwegian)
The Devil's Disciple (Eng.)
In Preparation
Windows (English)
The Failures (French)
The Guardsman (Hun.)
Caesar and Cleopatra (Eng.)
Masse Mensch (German)

American

Rise of Silas Lapham
John Hawthorne
Ambush
The Adding Machine

practically all distinguished by two merits—the merit of theatrical effectiveness, or playwriting skill, and by the merit of intellectual significance. If you will try to recall all the American plays you have seen in the past four years (the lifetime of the Guild) which have possessed both these merits, I think you will be hard put to compile a list that will require more than one stenographer to copy in a day. I don't say such plays haven't been written, but they are few and far between. It may almost be stated as a law, that at present the American plays which have theatrical effectiveness have little or no intellectual significance, and the plays which are intellectually distinguished are not written by men and women sufficiently gifted with knowledge of, or instinct for, the theatre. The plays of Eugene O'Neill, of course, are a shining exception. If you ask me why the Guild haven't produced one of



GREAT CAESAR'S G "OATS"

A Modernized Roman Drama in the Manner of the Movies

By WILLIAM SHAKESHEARS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

AUGUSTUS THOMAS CAESAR

Dictator of the American Drama

A. BRUTUS ERLANGER	MARK KLAU ANTONY
F. CASSIUS ZIEGFELD	OCTAVIUS SHUBERTUS
CASCA BELASCO	BILIUS BRADIUS
METELLUS MILLER	LEPIDUS LEBLANG
DECIUS DILLINGHAM	CINNA NEWMAN

Soothsayers, Ticket Speculators, Chorusmen and Common Citizens.

ACT I

Scene 1—A Street leading to the City Capitol.
Enter Officers Flavius O'Brien, Marullus McNulty and a rabble of Citizens.

FLAVIUS: Move on, you idle actors, get you gone; Is this a holiday?

FIRST CITIZEN: What, know you not We make a holiday for Caesar and his train—
MARULLUS: His trainers? Who did Caesar ever whip?

Is he another foreign pugilist—come To take the bread from honest Irish pugs?
FIRST CITIZEN: He draweth fifteen thousand drachmas per

For telling managers what not to do—
MARULLUS: He must be a Commish'ner. What's his game?

SECOND CITIZEN: Escorted by a guard of Stage Door-keepers,

He comes to place a wreath upon the statue Of Civic Virtue—the Perfect Chorus Man.
FLAVIUS: If he was not an Orangeman,—go to it. *(Aside to Marullus)* He may be chosen Alderman some day.

(Exeunt.)

Flash of "Civic Virtue"—on a pedestal only.

Scene 2—City Hall Place.

Enter in procession with Music, Caesar, Antony et al. Praetorian Guard of Stage Doorkeepers—Chorusmen in garb of Marathon runners, bearing garlands for statue.

Close-up of Caesar dictating another American State play to his Stenographer, while he smiles and bows to the populace. (N.B.—Starting with "Arizona" he has now reached "New Mexico").

SOOTHSAYER: Caesar!

CAESAR: Who is it in the Press that calls?
CASCA: I think it's a reporter on *The World*, Or else 'tis William Randolph in disguise.

SOOTHSAYER: Beware the Ides of March!

CAESAR: What do you mean?

SOOTHSAYER: Until St. Patrick's Day doth come to pass,

Keep both eyes peeled for serpents in the grass!
CAESAR: He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass.

Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius. They retire to City Hall subway station where they can conspire in perfect security, since none of the 1,000,000 passengers can speak or understand the English language. Flash of the Million.

Scene 3—City Hall Subway Station—Flourish and Shouts Outside.

BRUTUS: What means this shouting? I do fear forsooth

The managers choose Caesar for 'their king!
CASSIUS: Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS: I would not, Cassius,—yet I loved him well,
Until he pulled that lemon, *Colorado*.

CASSIUS: I was born free as Caesar,—so were you;

And both do well remember when he was *The Burglar* on the Western one-night stands.

BRUTUS: Aye, "second-story worker" was he, too, Since he did draw both royalty and wage For being the worst actor on the stage,—
Except Bill Bradius, whom I did see Disporting in *The Bottom of the Sea*.
Behind a gauze he cunningly had spread To catch the missiles hurtled at his head

Like Cherries ripe!

CASSIUS: Ye gods, it doth amaze me A man of such a feeble talent should So get the start of the theatric world And bear the palm alone!

(Shout and Flourish without)

BRUTUS: Another general shout! I do believe that these applauses are For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.
CASSIUS: Why, man, he doth bestride the modern stage

Like a proscenium arch,—and managers No longer manage their own box-offices. How likest thou Leblang, the "Cut-rate King," Should rack the tickets for New Amsterdam?
BRUTUS: Brutus had rather be a janitor Than to repute himself a manager Under such hard conditions as this time Is like to lay upon us!

(Enter Anonymous Managers, cloaked and masked. They conspire. Iris to Roman sword labelled: "For Caesar. Take internally.")

Scene 4—The Capitol—Mayor's Music Committee on Front Steps: Chorusmen sing and dance an Ode in welcome to Caesar:

"Hail Augustus Thomas Caesar,
Vocally we'll try to please yer,
Tripping gaily,—fancy free—
Like our he Terp-si-cho-re,—
Civic Virtue,—née Paul Swan
Oh, g'wan!

(Enter Caesar and his train. Brutus and Cassius aside.)

BRUTUS: The games are done and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS: Casca will relate to use the rets.

CAESAR: Antonius!

ANTONY: Caesar?

CAESAR: Let me have men about me that are fat. Like Solly Cohn, Ed Cook and Will A. Page. Yond Cassius hath a lean and hungry look. He Follies much;—such men are dangerous!

(Continued on page 70)



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PAVLOWA IN HER NEW BALLET ORIENTAL IMPRESSIONS

The world's most famous dancer, just back from a tour around the globe, will be seen at the Manhattan Opera House next month in new terpsichorean creations evolved during her recent travels

Flapper Actress a Peril to Our Stage

St. John Ervine Declares That Only Her Attractive Effrontery Wins Her a Place in the Limelight

By CARLETON MILES

ST. JOHN ERVINE is an opinionist. Most celebrities are. Only Ervine is more outspoken than the majority. He has kind words for the New York Theatre Guild and harsh ones for the London theatre. He is fond of the works of Thomas Hardy, and thinks *Liliom* pretentious buncombe. He likes Susan Glaspell's plays and wonders about those of Eugene O'Neill although considering him our chief playwright. He worships Bernard Shaw and never fails to flay Ethel M. Dell. Through the columns of the London *Observer* he wages weekly war on the flapper actress. He declares his own novel *The Foolish Lovers* a poor work, but you suspect a tender spot in his heart for *Jane Clegg*. His blue eyes smile kindly on friends; they flash sharply when you mention an antipathy. I should imagine him a loyal friend and an implacable enemy—but his Irish humor might play him a trick in either case.

A CRITICAL WIFE

I SPENT yesterday at H. G. Wells's home with A. A. Milne and Charlie Chaplin," he announced, coming into the living-room of his apartment on Finchley Road. "I cannot tell you how much Chaplin impressed me. That little chap knows his Shakespeare backward. What a remarkable character!"

"Tea?" suggested Mrs. Ervine, sitting behind the little table loaded with the Irish idea of afternoon hospitality. "Ah, but you should see the Yorkshire teas," said Mrs. Ervine. "Cold meats, ham and eggs, jams, jellies, cakes, sweets—you must go to Yorkshire, if only for the teas."

"I was just finishing the last act of a new play," said Ervine, smiling over a teacup. "She," nodding toward his wife, "thinks it theatrical."

"That isn't quite fair," laughed Mrs. Ervine. "Only I do think the last act is theatrical."

Ervine chuckled. "I should have the wife of an author friend," he said. "She thinks everything her husband writes is marvelous. The latest thing is always the best."

The Ervines live in a small apartment in Arcade House, Temple Fortune. From the windows they have a view over a tree-covered field untouched as yet by the builders who are moving steadily toward that portion of northwest London. A simple, comfortable apartment with Nevinson watercolors on the wall, enticing bits of old furniture, a library with many rows of books, a photograph of Margaret Wycherly—"the ideal Jane Clegg"—and a cherished picture of Thomas Hardy and themselves under a huge oak tree.

The author of *John Ferguson*, *Mixed Marriage*, *Mrs. Martin's Man*, *The Ship*, *Changing Winds*, and a half dozen other novels and plays looks singularly unlike a writer. There is nothing of the aesthete about Ervine. Of average height, firmly built, wearing spectacles atop a prominent nose, his blue eyes shining with interest and

London leave few hours in which a dramatic critic may idle.

"There is little of worth in the London theatre," declared Ervine with candor, "You have such a spectacle as *The Knave of Diamonds*—then running—with Ethel M. Dell's idea of drama in a horsewhipping. Miss Dell never omits a horsewhipping scene from her novels or plays if she can help it. Or you have such trash as the musical revues offer. Art has disappeared from the theatre. The war has done much of it. High rentals are another cause. Perhaps a Belfast Irishman should not speak so frankly, but the English stage seems to be in a bad way. Shakespeare is kept alive by the Old Vic—and there we overpraise effort. We have a few men of ideals and ideas such as Nigel Playfair. We have a few good players. Sybil Thorndike is one." (Since then Miss Thorndike has revived *Jane Clegg* in London.) "Henry Ainley is another. We have a charming young actress in Meggie Albanesi. But conditions are against artistic development for author or for actor. Sometimes, I get so fed up with the stuff I am forced to see in the theatre that I decide to chuck my job. I have been doing dramatic criticisms for a year and a half here. But something keeps me going—possibly the thought that I will some day see a fine play."



ST. JOHN ERVINE

Famous Irish-English playwright whose dramas *John Ferguson* and *Jane Clegg* have already been applauded in this country, and whose latest play *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary* is the new starring vehicle of Mrs. Fiske.

his light hair curling away from the forehead, he might be taken for a business man. Service in the war cost him a leg; the slight limp with which he walks betrays the artificial appendage. Manner is brisk, determined. The face in repose is not a contented one. It has the look of the idealist who knows what things should be and despairs of ever seeing them come true.

The youthful Mrs. Ervine with her dark coloring, her soft, low Irish voice and her quiet manner is just the contrast to her husband. So quiet is Mrs. Ervine you suspect she is an adroit planner at arranging engagements and keeping hours free for the author's work. Aside from dinners and committee meetings, there are constant calls from friends—and the new plays alone in

ERVINE has declared war on the flapper actress. "She is the greatest menace of our stage," he asserts. "I mean the young girl who knows nothing of technic, who, because of a pretty face and figure, is forced on the stage and given the limelight. We are deluged with these flappers, untrained, unskilled, yet holding the centre of the stage through their attractive effrontery. How can a producer expect good performances when he has such people to impersonate the author's characters? One of our most brilliant actresses is Athene Seyler. Yet how many times do you find her on a West End stage and how many times do you find"—and he named several flapper ingenues just then in public favor. "There is something wrong with this condition. I am writing against them, but I seem to be alone in my fight. My colleagues either are indifferent, or fear to start such a discussion. I need help to drive the flapper from the stage."

For Bernard Shaw, Ervine has reverent praise. "The greatest mind of the present day," he said. "The master of us all." A fine conversationalist is the novelist-playwright, never at loss for the right phrase or the forceful adjective, the pro-

(Continued on page 56)

RUTH GORDON

Whose clever acting as Winsora in *Tweedles* is no small factor in the success of that charming and humorous Tarkington comedy.



Victor Georg



Nicholas Murray

LOWELL SHERMAN

Arch-villain of the American stage who, in *Casanova*, has opportunity to display his talent for playing the rôle of a great lover and, in this case at least, finds himself for once the hero.

MARY NEWCOMB

Practically a stranger to Broadway, this talented actress became famous overnight by her fine performance in *The Woman on the Jury*. In private life she is Mrs. Robert Edeson.



White, N. Y.

GLENN ANDERS

A farceur of vigorous methods and engaging ingenuousness who, after a year of helping make *The Demi-Virgin* seem funny, took a brief flyer into *Cold Feet*, and now back to normal in *Love of Money*.



Monroe



White, N. Y.

PEDRO DE CORDOBA

Always effective in rôles calling for dash and fire, this accomplished actor is now lending his picturesque personality to the amateur pirate in A. E. Thomas's new play, *The Jolly Roger*.

LEADERS IN THE OPENING SEASON

Favorite Players Seek Further Laurels in New Roles



Madame Atherton (Henrietta Crosman) makes Jane (Florence Johns) the happiest girl in the world by telling her she sees no obstacle to her marriage with Major Bannister.

(Below)
Believing what her mother says is true—that she has inherited the Atherton curse, Jane's reason totters. She tells her lover there can be no marriage but consents to ride with him "to the moon."



But when Laura (Beatrice Terry) arrives, the storm breaks. The mother bitterly resents her daughter's engagement and cajoles and threatens in turn to bend her to her iron will.



With a sigh of relief, the family watch the aeroplane rise above the fog bank. They realize that Jane's troubles are at last at an end and that she and the major have gone to a new life of happiness.

Photos by
Nicholas Murray

THE NEW PLAY

"Children

Iron," a Most Unusual and Absorbingly Interesting Drama, Brilliantly Acted

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



Children of the Moon

Play in three acts by Martin Flavin, produced at the Comedy Theatre by Jacob A. Weiser, on August 17, with the following cast:

Thomas, Whitford Kane; Walter Higgs, Harold Winston; Madame Atherton, Henrietta Crosman; Jane Atherton, Florence Johns; Dr. Wetherell, Grant Stewart; Major John Bannister, Paul Gordon; Judge Atherton, Albert Perry; Laura Atherton, Beatrice Terry.

THE managers tell us there are no worthwhile plays that don't get a hearing. Well, here's one that knocked about some time before its merit was recognized, and it took the discerning shrewdness of a practically unknown promotor and the backing of a firm until now exclusively identified with musical revues to give it its chance in spite of the Theatre Guild and all the other theatrical wise-acres who profess to be ever searching the horizon for the long awaited "great American play."

Children of the Moon is not a great play, but it is a better play and a more humanly interesting play than 90 per cent of the loudly trumpeted hits. The author is new to Broadway, but that he will be a stranger to it no longer goes without saying. He has written a remarkable play, one that no one who likes his emotions stirred in the theatre will care to miss. It is not altogether a pleasant theme, dealing as it does with a family taint of insanity and the peril into which a healthy young girl is thrown through the power of suggestion, but it is so expertly done, the dialogue so crisp and natural, the character drawing so masterly, the situations so powerfully dramatic that one forgets the painful nature of the Atherton's curse in the absorbing interest of the action. The mighty Ibsen himself, whose direct, concise method plainly influenced the author, could hardly have done better by the subject.

The Atherton family consists of the old judge, a feeble-minded octogenarian, his wife, an old lady of seventy, her daughter-in-law, Laura, and the latter's daughter, Jane. From the start the audience is impressed with the fact that the moon has always played a diabolical part in the family's destiny. On the porch just outside the living room, is seen a big telescope pointing to the heavens and there for hours sits the old judge gazing at the moon, believing he is in actual communication with its unknown habitants. Jane's father died long before the action begins—the victim of a strange accident. The night her mother was taken ill, he hastened in his car for the doctor. Although it was full moon, his car dashed over a chasm and he was instantly killed. Her brother, an aviator, was also killed in France. He went up the night of a full moon and fell out of his machine.

When the play begins, Major Bannister, an aviator, who has met with an accident, is being nursed back to health in the Atherton home.

Naturally, he has fallen in love with Jane and she with him. The grandmother approves the match, but dreads the coming of Laura, Jane's mother, whose selfish, obstinate, jealous, tyrannical nature she knows only too well. Laura, on her arrival, makes a terrible scene. She won't hear of the engagement, insults Major Bannister and orders Jane to break off the affair. It then becomes a test of strength between mother and daughter. Jane, dutiful but firm, denies her mother's right to interfere with her happiness. Whereupon Laura, halting at nothing to gain her end, plays her trump card. She tells Jane about the curse of the Athertons. They have all inherited the fatal taint. She has no right to marry and bring children into the world. Dragging the half swooning girl to the porch, she forces her to gaze at the moon, then in full, and Jane, hypnotized, collapses in her arms.

The mother has triumphed, but at what a cost! Jane's mind is threatened. Convinced that she, too, is under the baneful spell, she

past. Such acting is seldom seen on our stage and the fact that, at the end of the second act, it received a tremendous ovation, revives hope that, despite the present interregnum of mediocrity, theatregoers have not yet entirely forgotten what real acting is.

Henrietta Crosman was very charming, if somewhat too obvious, as the grandmother, and Florence Johns, a young actress of great promise, was an intelligent and thoroughly sympathetic Jane. Albert Perry was capital as the judge and Whitford Kane contributed a delightful bit as an old servant.

Red Light Annie

Drama by Norman Houston and Sam Forrest, produced at the Morosco Theatre by A. H. Woods on August 21, with the following cast:

Fanny Campbell, Mary Ryan; Tom Campbell, Frank M. Thomas; Mr. Clark, Edward Walton; Nick Martin, Edward Ellis; Dorothy Martin, Warda Howard; Mr. Wilson, W. H. Pendergast; A Man, Fred McLean; Another Man, Martin Jennings; A Judge, Harry Hammill; Ned, Al Britton; Chester, Henry Vincent; Flo, Monita Gray; Marie, Ann Martin; Al, John Waller; Jerry, Billy Gillen; Mr. Fulton, Francis Dunn; Robert Dugan, Paul Nicholson.

IF, as Shakespeare says, the mission of the players is to hold the mirror up to Nature, *Red Light Annie* is by no means a bad play—of its kind. It is well constructed, well acted and the story, sordid as it may be, holds you from the start. Harlots, dope fiends, holdup men and brothels are not very elevating or pleasant subjects for public entertainment, but such people and places exist, right here in our midst, and since they represent certain phases of every-day existence the playwright who depicts this sort

of life faithfully is well within his rights, especially if his play points a moral. The moral here is "be careful what company you keep." If Annie and Tom had strictly followed this sage warning when they first came to New York, a newly wedded couple, Tom wouldn't have been sent to prison for a crime he never committed, and Annie would never have made her bitter acquaintance with the red lights. They both paid and paid dearly for experience.

A decided novelty of the production, and one that is at once artistic and effective, is that the entire first act is divided into ten episodes. The stage is pitch dark and then we see Episode 1—Annie and Tom, just married, start from the country village for the big city. Stage again dark and Episode 2: They call on the only relative they have in New York, a dope fiend and thief who, unknown to them, runs a disorderly house. Episode 3: Tom gets a city job, a place as bank messenger. Episode 4: The street holdup. Episode 5: Annie appeals to the judge for mercy. Episode 6: Annie, without support takes refuge in her relative's house in the red light district. These tableaux are exceeding, There is nothing

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

CHILDREN OF THE MOON—An exceedingly strong and interesting play on a most unusual theme. Some of the best acting seen in New York in years.

IN LOVE WITH LOVE—Amusing rapid-fire comedy with delightful acting by Lynn Fontanne and supporting cast.

THE WOMAN ON THE JURY—Fairly interesting melodrama with two excellent last acts in which Mary Newcomb does some fine emotional acting.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS—Hilariously funny comedy on the prohibition question. One of the safest bets in town.

TWEEDLES—Not Booth Tarkington at his best, but a little American comedy of much charm and humor.

tells Major Bannister she cannot marry him. After a desperate struggle to shake off this obsession, the major gets her consent to take a ride with him in his aeroplane "to the moon," and so they glide away above the menacing fog banks to a new life of reason and happiness.

The play is superbly acted, first honors going to Beatrice Terry, a member of the famous Terry family, who has found in the rôle of Laura, the stern, inflexible mother, her first real opportunity in this country to prove of what she is really capable. In the quarrel with the grandmother and later in the bitter encounter with her daughter where she presents a remarkable characterization of a strong, unbending personality, now struggling fiercely to overcome the determined resistance to her will, now cajoling with anxious, belated demonstrations of affection, throughout displaying an iron will and temper not to be denied, the actress rose to dramatic heights rarely scaled on the local boards. It was a brilliant performance, Miss Terry dominating each scene with that fine authority, sweep and passion one associates only with the great tragic actresses of the

cheap or clap trap about them. They are vital, throbbing tabloids of actual living scenes. And what, perhaps, was their greatest merit was the remarkable speed with which each change was affected. The play is worth seeing if only for these ten episodes.

Mary Ryan played Annie with nice tact and feeling. Her emotional scene in the brothel and her fight later with the thief was admirably done. Frank M. Thomas was engaging and sympathetic as Tom, and Edward Ellis a true to type "snow bird" and "stick up" man.

The Breaking Point

Play in three acts by Mary Roberts Rinehardt, produced at the Klaw Theatre by Wagenhals and Kemper on August 16 with this cast:

Bill Smith, Stephen Maley; Lucy Livingstone, Zeffie Tilbury; David Livingstone, John T. Doyle; Dr. Miller, Reginald Barlow; Dick Livingstone, McKay Morris; Elizabeth Miller, Regina Wallace; Beverly Carlisle, Gail Kane; Clare Rossiter, Lucille Sears; Bassett, Robert Barrat; Curley, Robert Vaughn, Joe, Maurice Darcy; Flat Face, Marie Valray; Sheriff Wilkins, John F. Morrissey; Riley, Robert Vaughn.

FREQUENT and indiscriminate playgoing has at least one advantage. You see the theatre at its best and also at its worst. In *The Breaking Point* you have it at its worst. A more artificial, tawdry, amateurish piece of melodramatic hokum has seldom attained the distinction of a Broadway production.

Personally, I never thought much of Mrs. Rinehardt's book. A tedious, childish sort of yarn, this adventure of Judd Clarke, alias Dick Livingstone, refugee from justice and victim of amnesia; and Bassett, the reporter who merely to satisfy his lust for a newspaper beat, treks back and forth across a continent to follow up a trail already ten years old. The premises are impossible outside the lurid covers of a dime novel and once the probabilities are challenged how can anything of what follows ring true?

Ten years before the action begins Judd Clarke, a drunken, reckless ne'er-do-well kills in Wyoming the husband of an actress, a woman he thought he loved. The murderer escapes East, but the shock causes him to lose his memory. Dr. Livingstone, a relative, adopts the fugitive, gives him his name and trains him to become an honored member of the medical profession. In these new surroundings Judd's better nature asserts itself. The old life is completely forgotten. The community now respects and admires the rising young physician who is about to become engaged to the daughter of a neighbor practitioner. But murder will out. The actress comes to play in the town. Judd and his fiancée are in the audience. Instantly, the actress recognizes the man who shot her husband for love of her. Also present is Bassett the reporter, who sees in this casual rencontre a sensational newspaper story. Both the actress and the reporter come to the young physician's house—one to again speak of love, the other to tell him that the game is up. Judd doesn't understand; he knows neither of them. He goes off to Wyoming to solve the mystery of his past life. In the cabin of the mountain ranch, the scene of the former shooting, there is a fight and memory suddenly returns. The sheriff tries to capture but he again escapes and returns East. The sheriff is sure of his quarry. Judd is cuffed and seems all up

when the Sheriff relents. After all, he has no witnesses. The actress now says she killed her husband. The only way is to let Judd go free to marry the girl he loves.

Some of the situations are theatrically effective, but at best its pretty crude stuff, so crude that when the heroine tearfully explains that Judd is in Chicago trying to earn an honest living driving a taxi, the audience tittered when they should have wept. The line between the pathetic and the absurd was at all times perilously close. Not a sincere note was struck anywhere. It seemed a pity to find so fine and competent an actor as McKay Morris wasting his time and talent on such rubbish.

The Woman on the Jury

Drama in three acts by Bernard K. Burns, produced at the Eltinge Theatre by A. H. Woods on August 15, with the following cast:

Betty Brown, Mary Newcomb; George Wayne, Fleming Ward; Miss Matilda Slade, Adelaide Fitz Allan; Marion Masters, Frieda Inescourt; Fred Masters, Henry Daniell; Judge Davis, Stanley Jessup; Emmet, Elwood F. Bostwick; Nellis, Johi Craig; Mrs. Pierce, Mabel Colcord; Grace Pierce, Florence Flinn; James McGuire, John Sharkey; Bailiff, Jules Ferrar; Garrity, Wilson Reynolds; Tom Lewis, Bennett Southard.

SCRIBE insisted that there are only 36 original dramatic situations, which the ingenious playwrights hash and rehash over and over again under different titles. But since Scribe's day changed sociological conditions have introduced at least one new and interesting problem in drama. In his time women did not vote or serve on juries. If they had, that master of dramaturgy would have quickly recognized, in the fact that woman now has a voice in condemnation or acquittal during a murder trial, a new dramatic situation of tremendous potentiality.

A man named Montgomery has been shot in his apartment. The only persons with him at the time were his mistress, whom he had threatened to abandon, and her mother. The mistress, a young girl, is up for trial charged with first degree murder. She pleads not guilty. She admits there was a quarrel, a struggle, but she had no pistol. The public prosecutor sneers at her story and demands from the jury a verdict of guilty. The evidence, he insists, is overwhelming and the case very simple. It is merely another jealous mistress affair. The girl found the man had ceased to care for her and she killed him. An example must be made. It was preposterous to think that women could run around gunning for men. The attorney for the defence had advanced the absurd hypothesis that the dead man might have drawn the revolver himself to frighten the girl and accidentally killed himself during the struggle that ensued. The contention was ridiculous, a calumny on the deceased. Montgomery might have had occasional lapses from the strict moral code. Few men are angels. But he was a highly respected citizen, the last man in the world to seek trouble, injure a woman or even carry a pistol. A verdict of guilty was the only one that would satisfy the ends of justice.

The jury—eleven men and one woman—retire to the jury room to consider their verdict. The first ballot shows practical unanimity of opinion. Eleven men vote guilty. Only the woman sticks out for acquittal. They vote again—same result. It is always eleven to one. The foreman storms and the other jurymen

are indignant at the idea of being locked up for the night. It is outrageous for one juror to be so obstinate.

But the woman is adamant. She knows the truth and she knows they do not know. Years before she, too, had been Montgomery's mistress, cajoled with fair, false promises as had this poor unfortunate now in the prisoner's dock. She knew Montgomery to be an unscrupulous libertine and seducer of women, and she also knows that he always carried a gun.

Yet how can she tell what she knows? She is now happily married. Her husband—also a juror—is in the jury room, also puzzled by her obstinacy. If she admits her past—until now carefully concealed—her happiness will be blasted forever. Yet she cannot hesitate. An innocent woman's life is at stake. Simply, hesitatingly she tells her story to the astonished jurors, exposing Montgomery as he was, not sparing herself, a moving, dramatic scene that held the audience spellbound.

There are some raw spots in the earlier scenes of the play. It is incredible that anyone in their senses would have the nerve to invite a Supreme Court judge to come round to their apartment at midnight merely to ask him the favor of getting them off jury duty. Another scene in unpardonably bad taste is where husband and wife deliberately turn off the light so they may listen unseen to what a frail sister is saying over the phone to her lover. But these defects are forgotten in the strength of the acts that follow, and the play gives every indication of proving a popular success.

Mary Newcomb, a young actress practically new to Broadway, played the jurywoman with fine intelligence and rare sincerity. In the court scene she showed unusual emotional power, her natural, unaffected manner and sympathetic personality giving such verisimilitude to the tragedy that for a moment the spectators forgot it was merely acting and hung silent and tense upon every word. It is seldom that a debutante makes so favorable and deep an impression. That next season will find Miss Newcomb a star is a foregone conclusion.

Home Fires

Comedy in three acts by Owen Davis, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the 39th Street Theatre on August 20, with the following cast:

Betty, Lillian Ross; Abner, Eugene Powers; Aunt Martha, Marion Ballou; Tommy, Morgan Farley; Mary, Frances Underwood; Henry Bedford, Charles Richman; Flora, Marian Warring-Manley; Julia, Juliette Crosby; Jack Harvey, Alan Bunce; Walter Harvey, Howard Gould; Dana Roberts, Dodson Mitchell; Bill Maxwell, John Bingham; Lucy, Marion Benda; Quinn, Lester Scharff; Doctor Norton, Jay Strong.

OWEN DAVIS has been writing plays for well over a quarter of a century, but no one took him very seriously as a dramatist until he turned out *The Detour* and *Icebound*. The latter piece, which incidentally won the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year, led everyone to believe that Mr. Davis had definitely left his melodramatic past behind him.

There is, unfortunately, no such promise in his latest offering, *Home Fires*, an alleged comedy of native manners almost as lurid and commonplace as any of the theatrical pot boilers which, in the earlier years of this dramatist's productivity, delighted East side audiences and swelled his bank account. The idea *per se* is good—the suburban home, father, mother and two daughters trying to shine socially on a

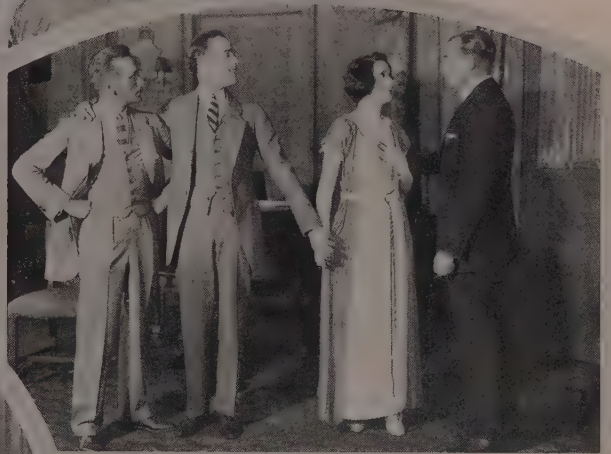


Ann (*Lynn Fontanne*) thinks it's capital fun to have more than one string to her bow.



Frank (*Robert Strange*), a not-to-be-denied sort of lover, slips the ring on Ann's finger before she can say "no".

Photos by
Ira D. Schwarz



Bob (*Henry Hull*) continues strangely familiar with Ann in spite of her engagement, and no wonder Frank resents it



It had to come to a fight, but Jack (*Ralph Morgan*) assures Ann that Frank is not seriously hurt.

It never occurred to Jack that Ann cared for him. So in desperation she proposes herself.



THE NEW PLAY

"In Love With Love" a Delightful Blend of Fun and Sentiment

slipped
oblivion



George Wayne
(Fleming Ward)
makes Betty (Mary
Newcomb) believe
that their romance
in Peter Pan cot-
tage is going to
last forever.



The court room
scene. The coun-
sel for the defence
(John Craig) asks
for a verdict of
acquittal.

The Public Prose-
cutor (Elwood F.
Bostwick) tries to
make Grace (Flo-
rence Flinn) ad-
mit she fired the
pistol.



In the jury room. Betty (Mary Newcomb), who alone has stood for acquittal astounds her fellow
jurymen by admitting a fact which frees the prisoner but blasts her own reputation.

THE NEW PLAY

"The Woman on the Jury" a Novel and Interesting Problem in Drama

limited income, burdened with debt, the fatuous head of the family over-estimating his earning capacity, antagonizing a neighbor by paying too much attention to his foolish wife, the flapper fourteen-year-old daughter discussing sex stuff with boys, and ever bewailing the fact that they have no automobile, the morals of both girls endangered by the movies, jazz and road house parties. Done in a mezzo tint, with less tawdry settings, more subtle comedy lines and situations less obvious and theatrical, it might have proved an interesting little *genre* picture of American life. As presented, it is futile, tedious, overdrawn, silly. The comedy is of the cheapest and the rest crude melodrama. The row in the road house, the threat of the irate neighbor on the flimsiest excuse to divorce his wife, the boss employer who discharges the father because his son runs after the latter's daughter—all rang about as true as fourth-class movie stuff.

A cast made up of Broadway favorites worked heroically to put the thing over. It was not the players' fault that the piece flopped.

The Good Old Days

Comedy in three acts by Aaron Hoffman, produced at the Broadhurst Theatre by A. H. Woods on August 14, with this cast:

John Miller, Harry Lester Mason; Gus Rausch, Charles Havican; The Bum, John G. Fee; Fritz Zimmer, Mathilde Cottrelly, Tim, Ralph Wiedhaas; Ted Schloss, Stewart Wilson; Nick Schloss, George Bickel; Jim Knowles, Charles Mather; Rudolph Zimmer, Charles Winninger; Mrs. Mahoney, Nan Karem; Officer Kelly, Joseph Slaytor; Katie Zimmer, Beatrice Allen; William J. Parker, John Junior; Sweeney, Harry Linkey; Jack, Harry Curtin; Doyle, John Kuhns.

IF laughter is good for what ails you, hasten to book seats for *The Good Old Days* at the Broadhurst. Whether you be a friend of the Eighteenth Amendment or not, you'll agree that this is the funniest piece Broadway has chuckled over since Potash and Perlmutter first came to tickle its risibilities.

Dealing humorously and outspokenly in the always droll German-American dialect with the ever burning question of illicit hooch, some of the fiercely denunciatory speeches put into the mouth of the leading character, a cantankerous ex-saloonkeeper, against the old time liquor traffic, would lead one to suspect the author of prohibitionist leanings himself. Yet later on, when, after a fake revenue officer raid and a series of other set backs, the ex-publican feels he's not getting a square deal and proceeds promptly to abjure Volstead and all his works, you are not so sure that the play is dry propaganda after all.

Let it be said at once, however, that the play has no serious purpose. Its only mission is to amuse and in that it succeeds admirably. The dialogue and situations are little more than the old stock of prohibition gags and jokes lightly strung together, yet beneath all is sufficient undercurrent of melodramatic happenings to keep things interesting.

The first act shows the interior of Nick Schloss' saloon, a bar of the better sort, with the familiar muslin-covered mirrors, heavy mahogany fittings, brass rail, free lunch counter and schooners of foaming lager which made the spectators gasp thirstily. The business has prospered and Rudolph Zimmer, the old bar-keep, has been made partner.

Meantime, the dark clouds of prohibition are gathering. Schloss welcomes the coming change

for, converted by Billy Sunday, he argues hotly with Zimmer that it's a rotten business. His partner, quite of the contrary view, calls the old man crazy, and the war of words wages fast and furious between the once devoted friends. Schloss is determined to quit at once and, when the new law goes into effect, Zimmer is forced out also. He becomes a bootlegger, but instead of being ruined as he feared, he finds himself more prosperous than ever, while Schloss, who has tried to keep to the straight path, sees his investments dwindle in value and himself involved in all sorts of difficulties.

The piece is capitally acted. George Bickel is richly humorous as the irascible old saloon keeper, and Charles Winninger runs him a close second for comedy honors as his ubiquitous partner. Mathilde Cottrelly, an old favorite in German dialect rôles, adds no little to the general hilarity as a bibulous social climber. John G. Fee does good character work as a down-and-out bum who, thanks to Volstead, becomes a prosperous and fashionable bootlegger.

Tweedles

Comedy in three acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, produced by Robert McLaughlin at the Frazee Theatre on August 13, with the following cast:

Mrs. Ricketts, Cornelia Otis Skinner; Mrs. Albergone, Patti Cortez; Winsora, Ruth Gordon; Julian, Gregory Kelly; Mrs. Castlebury, Floreice Pendleton; Mr. Castlebury, Wallis Clark; Adam Tweedle, George Farren; Ambrose, Irving Mitchell; Phiemon, Donald Meek.

AN utterly trivial little comedy, without a moment of smallest importance, *Tweedles* is made amusing by the familiar Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson mastery of types and dialogue. The types in this satire on American "aristocracy of birth," are without exception such particularly aggravating ones that their irritation of one another is especially pleasurable to the beholder. The action is concerned with whether or not young Julian Castlebury, of "the Philadelphia Castleburys," shall be seen publicly walking abroad through the highways of a "down-Eastern" summer resort with the native waitress in the combination tea-shop and antique bazaar there. This problem is argued pro and con, principally con, through three acts by the young man's haughty family, as well as by all the Tweedles, the clan of which the shy Winsora is a cherished member. There is your story. But there, also, are your richly amusing characters.

The Winsora of Ruth Gordon is a splendid piece of acting. At no time does the possibility suggest itself that Winsora is not the dear, romantic pride of the Tweedles, but an actress trying to portray her. Gregory Kelly is only a little less satisfactory as the dumb youth, Julian.

The supporting company includes such finished players as George Farren as Tweedles père, and Donald Meek, who as Tweedles, escapes most of the dangerous temptations to overact in an important and very funny tippling scene. A forced laugh for the final curtain is a crudity not in keeping with the moving charm of the first act one.

Tweedles has much charm and humor—a truly entertaining American comedy.

In Love With Love

Comedy in three acts by Vincent Lawrence, produced at the Ritz Theatre by William Harris on August 6, with the following cast: Julia, Maryland Morne; William Jordan, Berton Churchill; Ann Jordan, Lynn Fontanne; Robert Metcalf, Henry Hull; Frank Oakes, Robert Strange; Jack Gardner, Ralph Morgan; Marion Sears, Wanda Lyon.

HERE'S one playwright at least who's not afraid to squeeze a good idea dry. Having already scored on Broadway with his pleasant little comedy, *Two Fellows and a Girl*, Vincent Lawrence takes almost the identical theme and again makes a killing with three fellows and a girl, only this time, to avoid confusion in the titles, he calls his piece *In Love With Love*.

This author appears to have the knack—an invaluable asset in the theatre—of inventing no end of droll situations and keeping up a rapid fire of highly amusing dialogue, all out of the slenderest kind of material. His characters are plain, everyday people, there is little or no plot, a single unpretentious setting suffices for the entire three acts, yet the action is so swift, the humor so keen, the types so well drawn that the piece goes with a bang from the start and the interest doesn't let down for a moment until the very end when the philandering Ann Jordan—the delightful, whimsical heroine—does the very thing you expect least—jilts Frank and Bob, the two suitors whose pugnacious rivalry has kept you laughing all through the play, and calmly proposes herself to Jack who, in all this amatory mix up, has only the status of the rankest outsider.

Ann, of course, is the kind of girl who likes every man but never takes any of them seriously. Pretty, coquettish, fond of attention, she is only out for a good time and makes every lovesick swain who comes to the house think he is the only one. She encourages Bob outrageously even after she becomes engaged to Frank, a self-styled cave-man type of lover who swears he'll kill anyone who dares to butt in. Secretly intimidated, but outwardly contemptuous of the murderously inclined Frank, Bob refuses to be frightened off, and introduces to the household a third man, Jack, a calm, phlegmatic sort of person who amiably tries to patch up a truce between the two rivals. Meantime Jack, an ambitious young engineer with his mind more on the working model of his new bridge than on girls, tells Ann sternly what he thinks of her conduct. Ann gasps. No one has ever spoken so harshly to her before. From that moment she loves seriously for the first time. Thus, while Bob and Frank are having it out with fisticuffs, to decide which is the better man to win the girl, Jack, who has contributed to the proceedings little but advice, carries off the prize.

As a stage lover, Frank Morgan falls somewhat short of the conventional ideal. He is rather below than above medium height, he does not chew and he does not swagger. But he has some snappy lines and the way he gets them over, coupled with his quiet, masterful manner, easily explains why he impresses Ann, already bored to tears by the egotistical and quarrelsome Frank.

Henry Hull is at his best as the blundering calf lover Bob. He and Robert Strange as the fire eating Frank, pluck hands capitably, and gain what has been the piece.

Go and see *In Love With Love*. Its only a trifle, but you'll enjoy every minute of it.

(Continued on page 50)

Can Critics Write Plays?

An Attempt to Disprove Disraeli's Famous Phrase: "A Critic Is a Man Who Has Failed"

By JOHN RAYMOND

MANY years ago, a dramatic author, smarting under the rapier-like lash of the late William Winter's virulent and virile pen, was bold enough to retort that, since Winter never had written a play and evidently was incapable of doing so, he was equally unable to tell a good drama from a bad one. To this Winter made the now classic reply that, though he was admittedly quite unqualified to grow a leg of mutton, he was a better judge of first-rate lamb than the best sheep in the flock. As a matter of fact, though Winter never wrote an original drama, he did make a very good translation of Paul Heyse's *Mary of Magdala* for Mrs. Fiske.

A BOX-OFFICE SCHOLAR

ALL of which is called to mind by the notable success on the American stage in recent seasons of three dramatic critics: William Archer, author of *The Green Goddess*, which George Arliss acted for 445 consecutive performances in New York City; George S. Kaufman, collaborator with Marc Connelly on *Dulcy*, *To the Ladies* and *Merton of the Movies*, the last named now in its ninth month on Broadway, and John Colton, co-author of *Rain*, a tremendous success of the past year.

For forty odd years William Archer, one of the most erudite and captious of English critics, has been telling London theatregoers all about the good, bad and indifferent plays that have appeared on the British stage. More than this, Archer went so far as to write a book on "Playmaking," which was so sound and helpful that it has become the standard guide to young hopefuls seeking fortune in the theatre. If ever a critic paved the way to the storehouse for any dramatic effort that he might be tempted to create, Archer did—and yet he turned out one of the greatest popular successes of recent years, *The Green Goddess*. The critic was sixty-four when he began writing his play, and distrusting his ability to construct a successful piece, he asked George Bernard Shaw to collaborate with him. Shaw refused, as did Pinero. Finally, Archer wrote the play out of sheer bravado to prove that a critic could create a popular success in the theatre. A piquant detail is that, while Archer, as a critic, has stood all his life for the higher things of the theatre, when it came to writing a play himself, he was shrewd enough to turn out a melodrama having little in common with literature or art, but a sure fire winner with average audiences.

This might seem an accident of the modern stage (we leave the past to the inveterate date-hounds—James Huneker's classic noun—who like nothing better than to pore over the records of the ancients to

confound those of the present) if only there were not so many examples of the critic turning playwright and beating the latter at his own game.

Perhaps the two men of the younger generation who stand foremost among native writers for the theatre today are George S. Kaufman and Marcus Cook Connelly, the latter better known as Marc. Kaufman was born in Pittsburgh in 1889. After running a humorous column on the *Washington Times* in 1912-13, he went to the New

stage as *Rain*, wrote criticisms on the theatre for the Minneapolis *Daily News* in 1915.

In the recent American imitation of *Chauve Souris*, some of the keenest wits of the newspaper world contributed sketches. *The 49ers*, as the revue was called, failed to get over, but it was not so much the fault of the material as of the manner in which it was presented. Kaufman contributed a satire on magazine advertising entitled *Life in the Back Pages*. Heywood Broun, baseball expert, dramatic critic, commentator on books and all sorts of trifles and importances of modern civilization, was born in Brooklyn in 1888. He was reared on the New York *Morning Telegraph*, from which he transferred his talents to the New York *Tribune*. At present he devotes himself daily to the New York *World*, while at odd times he gives addresses on the literature of the moment. Broun was represented in *The 49ers* with *A Robe for the King*, but it is reported that he himself was its most severe critic. Robert Benchley, critic on *Life*, collaborated with Dorothy Parker, who occupies a like position on *Vanity Fair*, on a sketch called *Nero*.

AMERICA'S GREATEST PLAY

WHEN Robert Gilbert Welsh is not writing his daily page of music and drama for the New York *Evening Telegram*, he composes verse, any sort you may like, free, blank or rhymed, and publishes it in leading magazines. Welsh wrote at least one blank-verse drama, which was produced at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City. It once was rumored that Alexander Woollcott of the New York *Herald* had written a play, but he has at

last managed to live down the report. At least the drama has not appeared though Arthur Hopkins spent good American dollars to cable Woollcott in France that he would sponsor it. Perhaps Woollcott saw *Macbeth* and lost courage.

Eugene Walter, born in Cleveland in 1874, was one-time dramatic editor and critic of the *Detroit News*. Walter's labors in the theatre, before becoming a dramatist of first-rate importance, varied from journalism to press-agenting minstrels, symphony orchestras and grand opera troupes. He wrote *Sergeant James* in 1901 and *The Flag Station* in 1905, but his first conspicuous success was *Paid in Full* in 1907, which was followed on the stage by *The Wolf*, though this latter piece was written before *Paid in Full*. *The Easiest Way*, Walter's finest drama and by some considered the greatest play written by an American, was brought out in 1909. He has had many plays produced on the American and English stages.

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(Centre) William Archer, critic and author of *The Green Goddess*; (left) Eugene Walter, critic and

author of *The Easiest Way*, etc.; George S. Kaufman, critic and co-author of *Merton of the Movies*.

CRITICS WHO HAVE MADE MONEY WRITING—INSTEAD OF ROASTING—PLAYS

York *Evening Mail* and then to the *Tribune* as theatrical reporter. He has occupied this position and that of second critic on the New York *Times* for several seasons and still holds his job, though his royalties have placed him securely beyond the need of writing daily reports on the errors of the press agents. Kaufman wrote *Someone in the House* in 1918, a good play when it was first acted in Pittsburgh with H. B. Warner, but woefully miscast for New York. With Connelly, Kaufman wrote *Dulcy*, *To the Ladies*, and *Merton of the Movies*, three first-rate comedies of American life. Connelly was born in McKeesport, Pa., in 1890. He was a reporter on the Pittsburgh *Sun* in 1910 and later on the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*. He conducted a column of humor on the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times* before getting a job on a magazine in New York, from which Kaufman rescued him.

John Colton, who is part-author of the dramatic version of W. Somerset Maugham's *Miss Thompson*, known to the



At fourteen years of age.



Howard, Edith, Mrs. Hull, Henry (age three), and Shelley.



Age twenty, stage debut.



Playing stock in St. Louis,
age 24.



(Centre) As the dope fiend in
The Man Who Came Back—1916.



In *When We Are Young*—
1919.



In *The Cat and the Canary*.



In *Roger Bloomer*.



As Faulkland in *The Rivals*.

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 13 HENRY HULL

Henry Watterson Hull was born in Louisville, Ky. After an engineering course at Columbia University, he spent a year in Canada as a miner and construction engineer, but finally answered the theatrical urge and followed in the footsteps of his older brothers, the late Shelley and Howard Hull, making his stage debut with Leo Ditrichstein in a vaudeville act. There followed a stock engagement in St. Louis during which time he acted 89 different rôles. He then came to New York in June 1915, for his first Broadway appearance in *Believe Me, Xantippe*. Another season in stock and then Hull returned to Gotham for a phenomenal 57 weeks run as Henry Potter in *The Man Who Came Back*. Other Broadway productions include *39 East*, *Greater Love*, *When We Are Young*, *The Cat and the Canary*. He is now appearing in Vincent Lawrence's comedy, *In Love With Love*.

(Motif by Lyman P. Allen)

Jane Cowl's Approach to Juliet

How a Distinguished Interpreter of Shakespeare's Immortal Heroine Prepared for Her Role

By ADA PATTERSON

WHEN in the course of human events Jane Cowl ceases to be, let it be writ upon her tombstone: "Here lies an actress who loved her theatre."

"Not an unusual state of mind," you answer with your most frozen first night smile and air of weariness. Beg pardon, it is. It is rare. It is exceptional. I had begun to believe I never again should hear it. In the present torn state of the theatre the frown is the usual thing. There is an accompanying sigh. "Things are not what they were . . . Don't you remember when Broadway . . . I almost never go into a theatre except while I am playing in one." These are the bombardments of the ear.

Jane Cowl lifts her liquid dark eyes in reverence when she speaks the word "theatre." Almost she crosses herself at the mention of the stage. "Fancy! This hot summer Jane Cowl has been going back and forth to Union Hill, playing in stock," said one of the pillars of the Broadway temple. I told Miss Cowl of the remembered comment and its undercurrent of disapproval. Her head drooped in mirth as does the head of her Juliet.

WHAT BROADWAY DEMANDS

NOT only at Union Hill," she agreed, "but at one stock company after another about the country. I enjoyed all of them. I regarded them as delightful necessities. Not for my salary alone, though I needed that. Gracious, how I needed it! But I had to learn all I could about the theatre. There is so much to learn. I began my career as an extra girl."

"At six dollars a week?"

"No—eight! Give me the benefit of the extra two dollars. I had to live on it, so that extra two dollar bill was of immense importance to me. It would be useless to tell me that two dollar bills are unlucky. From an extra girl who giggled in *The Music Master*, played an old woman in *The Grand Army Man*, and had one line in *The Rose of the Rancho*, to playing a character of importance on Broadway requires an almost infinite amount of training. If an actress does not realize that and act according to her realization she may have one Broadway engagement, but it will be her last. If she slights her stock performances she may meet the same fate. I enjoyed the work. I like to visit the same theatres and recall the hundreds of parts to which I gave—whatever else might be strongly and truthfully said of them—conscientious performances."

"One feels that in watching your Juliet," I said. "Foyer gossip is that you had studied it for two years."

Miss Cowl lifted her head in a swift, fawnlike way all her own and laughed gaily.

"Only two years! I have been studying it since I was thirteen!"

A survey of the library in her home in a quiet block of the East Sixties reveals

probably every book that has been written on Shakespeare. She handed me, with the same reverence with which she speaks of the "theatre," a vellum copy of *The Tragedies and Comedies and Sonnets of Shakespeare*. She watched my handling of it with trepidation lest by accident I might drop the tome to the floor and rupture a thread of the binding.

"Louis Calvert sent it to me when he heard I was planning to do Juliet," she said. "Wasn't that splendid of him?" She said it with an intake of breath, a widening of the long, liquid, dark eyes. One secret of the steady ascent of Jane Cowl's star is her fervor. Enthusiasm is a mighty motive force.

"I read everything that has been printed about *Romeo and Juliet*," she continued with a breathless rush of confidence. "Undoubtedly Dr. Howard Furness's book was of the greatest aid. But I read everything I could find on how other actresses had played Juliet. I talked with every actor I knew who had ever played with the Juliets of the past. A few could remember Adelaide Nielson's performance of it. I had seen only one Juliet myself. That was Julia Marlowe's, perhaps fifteen years ago. But

I held long and earnest interviews with members of her company who had played with her in her earliest performances. I respect tradition. I revere the fine minds and splendid achievements of the theatre." Again that unmistakable note of sincere reverence. "I wanted to know how all the Juliets had played the rôle. When I had read all I could, and heard all I could, I resolutely tossed away the memories and studied the rôle as though it were new."

"I received my impetus to Shakespeare from quite opposite sources. When I was thirteen I was Juliet in a school tableau. After that I read and re-read *Romeo and Juliet*. It was my light and my heavy reading for the years while I was growing up. The other impetus came from Julia Marlowe. I was on the same steamer on which Miss Marlowe was crossing to Europe. We walked the deck together. She talked about Shakespeare, and said that he should be played through all the generations—for the stage's sake. She told me that I should play him."

Miss Cowl, with a smile on her lips and awe in her eyes, lapsed into un-Shakespearean idiom, as she described her mental attempts and mental failures in the following years to carry out Miss Marlowe's suggestion.

READY FOR SHAKESPEARE

THREE years ago I said to Mr. Arch Selwyn: 'Now I am ready to play Juliet.' Mr. Selwyn answered, 'All right. We'll go ahead.' Then I got 'cold feet.' We played *Smilin' Through*. Two years ago I told Mr. Selwyn I was ready for Juliet. He said, 'We will select the cast.' I failed him again—same reason—'cold feet.' This season I thought, 'Now or never.'"

A deep belief in the power of applied energy is another secret of the rise of Jane Cowl. "One cannot study a rôle too much. One cannot know too much of anything in the theatre," she said.

"You love it as Mr. Belasco does."

"I got the germ from him." She was grave. "I had never seen a playhouse that was not literally a temple of art to me. That ugly theatre that Oscar Hammerstein built, the Republic, was in my eyes a place of beauty. I never walked down the flights of iron stairs, and past the star's room, where Miss Starr dressed, but I would say to myself 'Some day I will dress in that room.' I played in *Common Clay* at the Republic.

The first time she knew she had reached one of the peaks above the foothills of her career was when David Belasco called her out from the company and gave her the leading rôle in *Is Matrimony a Failure?* Another was when he went to Union Hill to witness a stock performance and came back to tell her of his approval. "The Wizard", by his encouragement, helped her to shape her career. And so another man.

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JANE COWL AS JULIET
(Caricature by Maurice Maxeville)

MRS. EDWARD DEMAREST MOOERS
(Oval) As the vamp in the film version of
Potash and Perlmutter.

MARIE SHOTWELL
Wealthy society woman who has turned her
hand to stage costuming.

MRS. LYDIG HOYT
Who has been playing leads with Stuart Walker
in Indianapolis.



Monroe

CRAIG BIDDLE, JR.
(Below) Now a movie actor, introduces
his mother to Derelys Perdue, film star.



Lumiere



White, N. Y.



BORDEN
HARRIMAN
Makes a romantic
leading man in stock
at Lancaster, Pa.



MARY LOUISE
HARTJE
Of Pittsburg, Holly-
wood's million dol-
lar extra girl.



WHITNEY
WARREN, JR.
Who is reported to
be actively engaged
as a professional
theatrical executive.

Charlotte Fairchild



LEONARD
WOOD, JR.
Son of General
Wood, directs his
own stock company
at Lancaster, Pa.

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SOCIETY INVADES THE AMUSEMENT WORLD

Youthful Scions of the Socially Elect Try Their Talents on Stage and Screen

Those Marvellous Marionettes!

Dr. Podrecca's Almost Human Italian Puppets Astonish Broadway

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER



A Gendarme in *The Three Thieves*.

MOST writers for the stage are rather sensitive. They are distinctly *genus irritabile*. But none of them, I hope, will be much hurt by the triumphant record of the Marionettes who, for some months, drew crowds in London and are now astonishing Broadway.

These marvellous puppets hail from Italy, where, at the Roman Teatro dei Piccoli (the "Playhouse of the Little Folk") they had long been popular. Though called "little," they are really all life-size; and far more vital in some ways than many actors. Their director, Dr. Podrecca, is an unusually alert and gifted man who, besides being artistic manager of the Teatro dei Piccoli, is known as Secretary to the far-famed musical Academy of St. Cecilia. His assistants—he has several—do him credit. Not even Bunty pulled the strings more cleverly than these quick-fingered artists. The strings themselves are not concealed. They are shown as plainly as the simple tricks of Mr. Drinkwater in the construction of his *Cromwell* and *Lee*, or the *ficelles* of Scribe in many of his plays.

Yet, as I watched them act and dance and "sing," these well-trained puppets came so strangely near to life that there were moments when I rubbed my eyes and wondered whether they were not real men and women. They moved their hands and feet and lips, they rolled their eyes, they twitched their eye-brows and they seemed to speak and sing. As for their dancing, now and then it out-did Pavlova's. But, none the less, they are mere lifeless dolls.

There seems no limit to the art of these rare puppets, who pass, without fatigue,

from tragedy to comedy, and from farce to the old-fashioned forms of opera.

When Duse got to London, one of her first questions, I am told, was "Where are they playing Shakespeare?" The answer she received was—"At the Scalà, where the Marionettes are appearing in *The Tempest*."

Those artless puppets had for weeks been acting Shakespeare alone of all the metropolitan companies. I did not see what they did with sweet "Will," or what, for all I know, they did to him. But I have had the great delight of "hearing" and enjoying them in a Rossini opera, in a short Pierrot episode, and in solo "stunts."

The stage on which they perform is fairly large, and the settings, although cheap and unpretending, serve well enough as backgrounds for poor puppets. The costuming, I may add, is also rather cheap. But no one cared, nor did it matter much. What chiefly mattered was the genuine art with which these dolls "interpreted," and danced, and "sang." I pricked my ears up in surprise during a performance of that Rossini opera. And I applauded in good faith when a mere doll described on the programme as "Signorina Legnetti," went through the antics of a typical Neapolitan vocalist.

Surely no puppet pulled by strings, one would suppose, could have suggested the emotions which informed this sawdust toy, which not only seemed to utter fluent tones, but also expressed itself by means of fitting gestures—the gestures of a lovesick southern woman? The management, said I, must have been "spoofing." But no. I had been cheated by—a puppet.

WONDERFUL COMEDY ACTING

I GASPED, too, when another marionette (named Seraphina) achieved the feat of ascending a steep inclined plane on a rolling sphere, propelled by her fair toes; and I was fascinated by the ability and apparent humor revealed in the scene of *The Three Thieves*, borrowed from the long popular Zarzuela known to all Spaniards and Italians as *La Gran Via*. Some of my readers may have attended a performance of that deathless musical comedy. If they remember the *Three Thieves* I need not tell them that the scene describes the arrest of a trio of criminals by gendarmes who shut them up in a cage from which they escape. Their captors, who are of the usual type, march off in triumph with an empty cage. The humor of the scene, of course, is broad—so broad as to be of the horse-play kind. But to convey such humor to an average audience through the acting of mere puppets worked by strings is truly wonderful.

The dancing done by some of the marionettes bewildered one by its incredible, its more than human, dexterity. The gymnastics of a certain Bil-Bal-Bul on a hori-

zontal bar would have aroused envy in the most expert living acrobat. Only, indeed, thanks to the improbable nimbleness of the dancers and gymnasts in the troupe did I realize that I was looking at puppets. I would give all the Russian Ballet and its dead splendors for a few dances of these bewildering "Piccoli."

PUPPETS APPEAR TO SING

OF all the marvels which delighted me, what I recall most vividly is the performance of a little opera-bouffe, *Opportunity Makes the Thief*, devised by Foppa, stage-managed by Aldo Cosomati, and adapted to music by Rossini. Here was a test of many-sided art, from which even the best puppets and most expert string-pullers might, without shame, have shrunk. It is no joke for a mere doll to master movement—to suggest feelings and ideas by gestures. But imagine what it means to string-pullers to be compelled to fit the movements of the lips, eyes, hands and feet of brainless puppets to melodic rhythms. In this instance the "artists" in the cast had to work out a plot, dealing with the intrigues of a rather naughty gentleman, forced by fortune to exchange costumes with a stranger, who tries to foist himself on an engaging maid as her betrothed. The arrival of her real and destined suitor in the nick of time disturbs the plot, and all ends happily. The art which marked the unfolding of the story was more than equalled by the skill with which the "artists" appeared to sing Rossini's music. The real singers are concealed somewhere below the footlights. But the movements of the puppets' mouths and eyes were so ingeniously controlled by the invisible string-pullers that one might almost have believed the tones one heard proceeded from their lips and throats. And there were incidental dances in the opera, well worth seeing.

The work I speak of is but one of several in the repertory of the Teatro dei Piccoli. Among others you may hear some night is an opera by the now popular modernist, Respighi, based on the fairy legend of *The Sleeping Beauty*. It gives chances for good coloratura singing, as legitimate as, and not one whit less florid than, those of Mozart's *Queen of Night*. The mechanical difficulties of the action—among them the whisking away of all the spindles in the kingdom of the Princess's parents—are surmounted in the most wondrous way. At times the action may be said to cease, and the composer fills the pauses with his music. The spindles have their own *motif*. The fairies in the tale "sing" to the accompaniment of light tonal arabesques for flute and clarinet. Everything in the score is planned out in miniature, from the trumpet-call of a fantastic Herald who summons the fairies to the christening of the Princess to the cake-

(Continued on page 48)



The peasants in *Puss in Boots*. Grotesquery and fun are put into these child classics without spoiling them by over-rank buffoonery. An Italian critic said of this play and of *Ali Baba*, *Cinderella*, etc., that they were the only ones to which people of imaginative minds could go without fear of disenchantment.



A sawdust soubrette.



Two sons of Ethiopia.



An amorous episode in *Opportunity Maker the Thief*, a little operetta devised by Foppa and adapted to music by Rossini. The movements of the puppets' mouths and eyes are so ingeniously controlled by the invisible string pullers that one almost believes the tones one hears proceed from the dolls' lips and throats.

A marionette ensemble. The secrets of the puppeteers' craft have been handed down to them for many generations. It has taken Dr. Podrecca and his associates nine long years to bring their performances to the perfection which today makes them unique.



A trio in *Puss in Boots*.



ITALIAN PUPPETS UNCANNILY NEAR TO LIFE

Life Size Dolls Roll Their Eyes, Twitch Their Eyebrows and Seem to Speak and Sing

The Play That Is Talked About



Widow Cagle—seated—(Lucile LaVerne) and Emmy (Anne Elstner), her son's "intended," receive news that Rufe Cagle has been killed in action in France.

Sun Up

A Drama in Three Acts by Lula Vollmer

IN this first play by an author new to Broadway is presented a deeply-moving and sincere drama of Carolina mountain life. Its rugged colloquialism gives it a folk-lore savor that lends conviction to the poignant dramatic values of the story and stamps its author as one of the few real voices in the American theatre. These excerpts are given by courtesy of The Players Co., Inc. Copyright by Lula Vollmer. Condensation by Elisabeth Abbott.

THE CAST

(As staged by Henry Stillman and Benjamin Kauser at the Provincetown Theatre.)

Widow Cagle	Lucile LaVerne
Pap Todd	Owen Meech
Emmy	Anne Elstner
Bud	Harold Vermilye
Sheriff Weeks	France Bendtsen
Rufe Cagle	Alan Birmingham
Preacher	Burnside Babcock
The Stranger	Elliott Cabot
Bob	Norman Dale

THE miracle of hatred turned to love told through the medium of the pathetically tragic Ozark mountain folk! After giving her son to fight a war she neither understands nor believes in, the stoical mother learns through her son's death that it is "loving them all that counts," and with the son of her husband's murderer at her mercy, this old woman with the strong feudal instinct, buries her hatred and lets her enemy go free.

Act I. Interior of Widow Cagle's Cabin, in the Carolina Mountains. Summer. Noon. Mrs. Cagle is seated before the fireplace smoking a corn-cob pipe. Her thoughts are far away. The door opens and Pap Todd comes to "set a spell with her."

TODD: 'Pears like thar is goin' to be war.
MRS. CAGLE: (With concern) Who's a-feudin' now?

TODD: Hain't that kind er feudin'. 'Pears like hit's the country.

MRS. CAGLE: Ye must be mistaken. Ain't no reason for war. Didn't the Yankees free the niggers more than fifty years ago? Thar ain't no reason for war, unless us poor folks fight

the rich uns for the way they air bleedin' us to death with the prices for meat and bread. TODD: Yer got no right ter complain, Mis' Cagle. Rufe makes a good crap.

MRS. CAGLE: Yes, Rufe makes a good crap, but if he'd raise more corn, and fear the law less, he'd be more of a man like his Pap.

TODD: Moonshinin'?

MRS. CAGLE: Yes, blockadin'. Why not?

TODD: Reckon Rufe is too young to hanker a'ter a jail term. A'ter spendin' about twenty years o' my life thar I ain't a-blamin' him much. MRS. CAGLE: Rufe's pap was a Cagle. I wuz a Owens. Thar's many a Cagle, and an Owens, too, that laid down out thar on the hills and died, but thar ain't one of 'em yet that ever gone to jail.

TODD: Ain't powerful fond of me, be ye, Mrs. Cagle? In case Rufe wants ter marry my Emmy, yer wouldn't let that keep 'em apart, would yer, Miss Cagle?

MRS. CAGLE: When Rufe's got old 'nough he kin marry who he wants. Emmy's marw wuz good stock. I thought Emmy wuz a-settin' her cap for Sheriff Weeks. Kinder handy fer ye to have a sheriff in the family, I reckon.

TODD: Well, yes, and he's older than Rufe. But seems to me lately she's a-hankerin' a'ter Rufe, and I ain't agin him.

MRS. CAGLE: Don't reckon they'd ask ye any



LULA VOLLMER
Author of *Sun Up*



Photo Pach

IRENE BORDONI

The Delectable French Comedienne Who Again Returns to Broadway With Several Trunkfuls of Pretty Gowns and Avery Hopwood's New Song-Play, "Little Miss Bluebeard"

odds if they want'er git married. Be mighty funny young folks if they did.

EMMY enters with Bud bringing some fresh meat for Rufe's dinner. Later Sheriff Weeks appears to consult Mrs. Cagle about the boundary line of her property. She goes out to show him, followed by Pap Todd and Bud. Rufe comes back from town and is delighted to find Emmy alone.

RUFE: Emily—I got somethin' mighty particular to say ter ye today.

EMMY: What's that, Rufe?

RUFE: Emmy, I want you to marry me right off.

EMMY: I think that thar's somebody else that wants me to do the same thing for him. He wants me to answer him today, too.

RUFE: I'll answer him fer ye. I'll beat hell outen him. Who is he. 'Tain't that old sheriff?

EMMY: It's him.

RUFE: (*Laughs*) Good Lord, I thought he was a'ter mom. (*Holds out his arms to her*) Come here, and whisper yo' answer quick. Will you marry me right away, Emmy?

EMMY: What ye in such a hurry fer, Rufe?

RUFE: Because Emmy, I've got to go away soon. I ain't takin' no chances leavin' you behind, unless you belonged to me—air you goin' to marry me?

EMMY: I don't know. Whar air ye goin', Rufe?

RUFE: I don't know.

EMMY: Rufe, it ain't that ye air runnin' away.

Ye ain't done nothing wrong, have ye, Rufe?

RUFE: Why, course not, sweetheart, but—here comes Mom. Say yes, quick.

EMMY: Not now, Rufe. Wait till tonight, I'll answer you.

RUFE: Then you will come down to the pasture gate to meet me?

EMMY: Yes, just a'ter sun-down.

MRS. CAGLE ridicules the Sheriff's news that the whole country is at war and Rufe and Bud will have to register. She's "never heard tell o' the Huns" and neither Rufe nor Bud owes anything to the Government that "kept Bud's Pap in jail twenty years because he tried to make an honest living outen the corn he planted and raised, shot Rufe's Pap in the back when he wuz protectin' his own property, and has never done anything for the mountain folks but run up the prices of bread and meat."

RUFE: Well, Mom, that ain't the Government's fault. It is because we don't know much. We need l'arnin'. We air ignorant.

MRS. CAGLE: I ain't never been agin' l'arnin'. But I wouldn't a-had ye larn nothin' if I'd a-knowed it wuz a-goin' to turn ye into a law lover, and make ye forgit the laws of yo' own folks.

RUFE: I ain't forgot, Mom. I never will, but that little bit of l'arnin' taught me to respect somethin' a little higher than my own way of wantin' ter do things. But ye would want me to do what I thought wuz right, even if it wuz to go to war, wouldn't ye?

MRS. CAGLE: In this Guv'ment feud? No.

Later, the sheriff gets a chance alone with Emmy and asks her to marry him. He scorns Rufe as a rival and warns her that as Rufe has to go to war and he, as an officer of the law, is exempt, she stands more chance of being Widow Cagle than of being Widow Weeks. Terrified at the thought of Rufe going to war, Emmy (*in*)—*the* Sheriff and gives Rufe his answer before them *the*

MRS. CAGLE: Well, son, if ye air goin' to marry Emmy, I'll reckon ye'll git over the notion of registerin' to fight in this here Guv'ment feud of Jim Weeks!

RUFE: Well, (Mom, I done registered this mornin'.

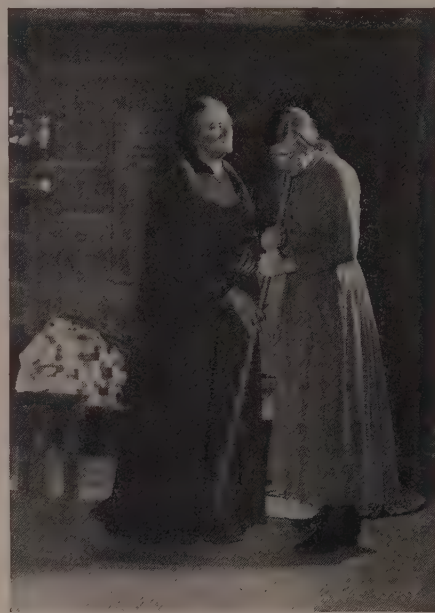
Act II. Same setting as Act I. Sun-down. Rufe has made preparations for his departure and has arranged for Bud to gather in the crop and look after his mother and Emmy.

MRS. CAGLE: Whar is France?

RUFE: I don't know. I heared it wuz 'bout forty miles 'tother side o' Asheville.

MRS. CAGLE: Goin' a mighty long ways to fight, seems ter me.

RUFE: Mom, I hate to go off and leave ye



Mrs. Cagle: "Emmy, ye kin move my things down to yo Pap's—and dont ye fergit—Rufe's hoe—Emmy. I'm ready, Sheriff."

feelin' like that 'bout my goin'. I wish ye could see it like I do. If ye caint now maybe ye will some day.

MRS. CAGLE: Yo' Pap wuz a brave man.

RUFE: Mom, it's because I'm Pap's son that I want to go. He died for what he thought wuz right. Now, Mom, it's fer ye and the old wimen like ye and for the little helpless children that I want to go. They say they air goin' to make us slaves this time. We air almost slaves now, bein' so poor, but it could be worse, Mom. Ain't ye willin' fer me to go?

MRS. CAGLE: Ye air yo' own man, Son. I ain't one ter hold ye back, if ye air sot on goin', but don't ye let 'em make ye go, or scare ye into goin'.

RUFE: I'm a-goin' of my own free will.

MRS. CAGLE: Then it tain't fer me to say no more.

BUD brings Emmy's things over in a wash-basket and offers his pistol to Rufe in case Rufe's gun kicks up. Then the preacher arrives with Pap Todd to marry Rufe and Emmy. After the preacher has performed the simple ceremony, Pap Todd takes him off to his house for a drop of whiskey, and Mrs. Cagle busies herself getting Rufe something to eat. At last Rufe and Emmy are alone.

EMMY: Oh, Rufe, caint yer stay? Why do ye have to go? Why do ye have to leave me?

RUFE: Don't little woman, ye 'most break my heart. I don't want to leave you, I have to go, Emmy. They have called my name, and I've got to be there tomorrow, some time. I could stay and hide right here on my place, and they never would find me, but I'd be ashamed to face ye and Mom if I stayed, Emmy.

EMMY: But why, Rufe.

RUFE: I caint explain it. I ain't got no education, and I couldn't understand all the soldiers I talked to, told me. But hit's somethin' like this, this here country is ourn, 'cause God let us be born here. We don't own all the land, but hit's ourn jest the same, to love and enjoy 'cause God A'mighty give it to us. I got to go help defend my hills, and my home, and my wimmen folks, ain't I, honey?

EMMY: Yes, Rufe, ye air a man, and ye got to fight fer what's right. Ye go, and I'll be a-waitin' fer you, and a-lovin' ye. And if ye don't come back, I'll know ye died like yer Pap. I'll be proud of ye. Just seems like I caint stand it, but I kin, 'cauce other wimen have stood it, and I reckon ye ain't no more to me than other wimen's husbands air to them.

RUFE: That's what I been a-thinkin', Emmy. I'll write ye, and ye'll take good care of Mom and ye'self, won't ye, Emmy?

EMMY: Ye know I will, Rufe. Rufe, can I walk a litle ways with you? So I won't have to say goodbye to ye here. I want to stay with ye as long as I kin, Rufe.

RUFE: Of course, sweetheart. Ye kin go as far as the pasture gate. Here comes Mom. Ye talk to her while I git my things.

BUT Emmy cannot speak for emotion, and it is Mrs. Cagle, stoical and calm as ever, who makes conversation until Rufe returns.

RUFE: (*After a painful pause*) Well, reckon I'll have ter be goin'.

MRS. CAGLE: (*Smoking calmly on*) Take keer o' ye-self.

RUFE: Ye do the same, Mom.

MRS. CAGLE: Ye kin write. Emmy kin read the letters.

RUFE: I'll write. Well—Goodbye, Mom.

MRS. CAGLE: Goodbye, Son.

EMMY: Ain't ye goin' to kiss him, Mom?

MRS. CAGLE: What's the use o' sech foolishness?

RUFE: All right, Mom. God bless ye.

MRS. CAGLE: If ye fight, Son, shoot to kill.

RUFE: I will, Mom, goodbye.

MRS. CAGLE: Take keer o' ye'self.

As Rufe and Emmy go off together, Mrs. Cagle walks to the door where she can watch Rufe until he is out of sight. The shadows deepen. She strains her eyes as if to catch a last look at him. Rufe's hoe, left leaning against the house, attracts her attention. She lifts the hoe up tenderly, as if it were a living thing, and moves her hand over the handle as if to caress it. As the darkness comes on, she still stands there watching and smoking. At last her lip trembles, and unnoticed, her pipe falls to the ground.

Act III. Same setting as before. It is a winter night. Outside a blizzard rages, the wind howls violently. Alone before the fire Mrs. Cagle sits smoking her pipe. Every now and then she looks at a yellow envelope in her hand. She is waiting for Emmy to come home, and read her the latest news from Rufe.

(Continued on page 60)



NEW YORK S'AMUSE

Aunt Gilda tells her nightly bedtime story about the Aboriginal Voodoo Dancers—to a group of Broadway's Intellectuals. A study in Cabareidom by Wynn

C · I · N · E · M · A

"Hollywood" Takes Its Cue From "Merton"—Hope Drown a Discovery

Conducted By ALISON SMITH

EVER since Harry Leon Wilson wrote *Merton of the Movies*, there has been a change in spirit, gradual, almost imperceptible, but none the less definite, in the vast output of screen production.

This masterpiece of modern satire was to the movies what *Don Quixote* was to the romantic literature of Spain. With this difference, that the glorious burlesque of Cervantes almost immediately succeeded in laughing out of existence the high-flown absurdities which he sought to destroy. While, on the surface at least, the circumstances of the film world which Wilson satirized so perfectly remain, to the casual movie goer, unchanged.

Subtitles are still written about "the great open spaces where men are men," heroines are still "proud, slim beauties unsullied in the midst of a city's profligacy" and interviewers in the movie magazines are still quoting the leading man with his wife who is his "best pal and severest critic." In *Merton*, the entire country roared with delight over this burlesque of their favorite movie situations, but the next night they were back at their local theatre, weeping and applauding those very situations with the same fervor and the same sincerity.

HOKUM AND HOLLYWOOD

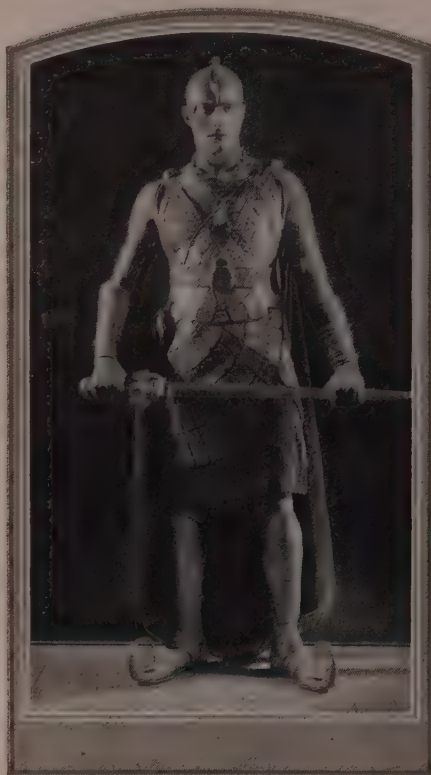
THIS is true of a large majority of the film fans scattered over the country. But there is a minority, slight but ever increasing, with whom the satire of *Merton* struck home. And those sharp-sighted producers who are keen enough to recognize this see in it the beginning of the end. Their remedy is less hokum in their serious films and more and more of the same sort of burlesque that made *Merton* the overwhelming success of the literary and stage season.

We have seen dozens of these films since the book first came out. The slapstick artists have revelled in sly shafts directed towards the heroic "Westerns" or the rural heart-throbs with Ben Turpin greatly in demand as the intrepid hero. *Merton* itself is being filmed though with what accuracy we are yet to learn. A constant succession of films have followed along, satirizing (somewhat cautiously) the hokum of the screen. And now an elaborate and frankly hilarious film appears which indicates beyond doubt that *Merton* has taught the movies to laugh at themselves. It was directed by James Cruze and bears the laconic title of *Hollywood*.

Hollywood follows the adventures of a small town girl who, like *Merton*, prayed God to make her a good movie actress. Like *Merton* also, she somehow makes her way to the Hollywood lot and here she is plunged into a bewildering whirl of melodrama, burlesque and old-fashioned romance which covers every inch of Famous Players territory and draws out every actor on the Lasky lot.

Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Rogers, Meighan, Lila Lee, Agnes Ayres, and Nita

Naldi—these names and dozens of others were swung out in front of the theatre to lure the star worshippers. They were all there these stars, but we can't say that any one of them distinguished himself particularly except Charlie Chaplin, who, in a few brief shots, managed to give a whole drama of agonized embarrassment. The



CHARLES DEROHE

As "Ramses II" in the Biblical prologue to Cecil DeMille's most ambitious screen undertaking, *The Ten Commandments*.

real honors of the picture go to an unknown actress who is not at all depressed by the name of Hope Drown.

Hope has humor and charm and a certain elfin loveliness; she flashed through her rôle with a sly twinkle of appreciation indicating that, unlike *Merton*, she knew how funny it was. This does not detract from the realism of the piece; as a matter of fact there is no attempt at realism—it is a grand medley of screen burlesque, all-star orgies and a Freudian dream which is uncanny in its mad delirium.

Hollywood promises to be one of the year's most popular pictures. It pains us to add that the picture-public is flocking to it more because of its riot of stars than because of its subtle undercurrent of satire.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

ARTHUR RICHMAN first started the vogue for stage plays of old-time New York with *Not So Long Ago*. Rita Johnson Young followed with *Little Old New York*

which seemed to us vastly inferior in treatment and theme. However, it was more obvious and more spectacular and as a result, was the first to reach its ultimate destiny—the screen.

So we have Marion Davies as the boyish heroine of the days when John Jacob Astor sold real estate way up in Gramercy, and Delmonico was an apologetic young street vender selling sandwiches at the exorbitant price of ten cents apiece and when Robert Fulton launched the *Clermont* in an agony of suspense. The local color of 1807 is piled on in chunks and is sometimes most captivating and amusing and sometimes so over-abundant that its eternal quaintness is almost more than you can bear. The flogging scene and the prizefight seemed particularly objectionable (Why we wonder, do censors put a time limit on kisses and then allow frank sadism to be drawn out to the full?) But there are bits which have been delightfully and skillfully done with a tender regard for the little old city it celebrates. The launching of the *Claremont* was exciting as well as touching; this scene alone would make the picture worth seeing.

Marion Davies romps through the reels in boy's clothes with grace and agility; the rôle demands only a pretty dexterity and she is quite equal to it. Courtenay Foote as Robert Fulton and Sam Hardy as Cornelius Vanderbilt seemed to have a serious appreciation of their distinguished rôles. A most ingratiating bit was added by Mary Kennedy who was one of the figures out of Godey's Ladies' Book in *Not So Long Ago*.

We are now wondering when some far-sighted producer will capture Mr. Richman's more subtle play for the screen.

ASHES OF VENGEANCE

THIS is a typical "historical" film; one of the many dozens reeled off since the producers discovered that the public would stand for "costume stuff" on the screen. Since it is laid in the wicked, rich and dangerous days of Catherine de Medici, you can readily imagine that the "costume stuff" is lavish and unrestrained.

Woven in with all this elaboration, is the romance of Yoeland de Breux and Rupert de Vrieac—whose star-crossed career much resembles that of Romeo and Juliet (except for a happy ending.) Norma Talmadge plays the haughty Yoeland and it is her work that gives the film its only claim to sincerity. She alone wears her costumes as if they belonged to her and moves with freedom in the extravagant French atmosphere and actually inspires interest and sympathy for the persecuted fair one. And she alone realized that a lady of the de Medici court did not necessarily look down her beautiful nose with an air of detecting escaping gas or walk like a Follies girl in one of Mr. Ziegfeld's best staircase effects.



Universal Films

CALIBAN OF THE CATHEDRAL

Lon Chaney Emerges from the Shadows of Notre Dame as the Hunchback of Hugo's Immortal Romance.

The rest is just dueling and dancing and persecution of the always convenient Huguenots. Conway Tearle as the hero has much sighing and scowling and fencing to do and he did it with excessive zeal. Many of the minor characters were smothered in the settings which were, as we have said, huge and elaborate and handicapped by an embarrassment of riches. But nothing could blot out the dark-eyed, plaintive picture made by Norma Talmadge.

CIRCUS DAYS

JACKIE COOGAN will always be "The Kid" to us since that matchless production in which he first trotted out on the screen. Perhaps that is why he seems to be getting more and more like Charlie Chaplin every day. He has lost something of the chubby complacency of that first masterpiece, he has grown leaner and longer and less cherubic, but he gains with every picture a surer grasp of the technique taught him by his first, adored director—the all-wise hero with the big flat feet.

His new picture is an adaptation of *Toby Tyler* which is (we are assured by a critic aged eight) one of the best boy's books of any season. Jackie in this rôle is a lemonade boy who works himself up through the circus medley of clowns, elephants, acrobats and calliopes to the position of "the sole, only and extraordinary child equestrian of his day." The circus stuff is the usual thing and doesn't matter except for the kids. But Jackie's work remains a remarkable and absorbing study for film fans of all ages.

THE SPOILERS

I'M going to break you with my bare hands," says the Far North hero to the Far North villain in this red-blooded reel by Rex Beach.

Now we can remember a time when such a worthy and ambitious sentiment would have been greeted by a burst of applause. But we regret to report that when we saw it at the Capitol, the audience broke into a roar of laughter. This is what comes of reading *Merton of the Movies*. The film has Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills

in its cast and is a typical product of the "Robert W. Service school of ice-peak melodrama.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE

WHEN this play was first brought to Broadway "from the French of Alfred Savoir," there were rumors that it was very far indeed from any French ever written. And any first-nighters who might be worried by the wickedness of the lines, were silenced at once by roguish sophisticates who rolled their eyes and said "You should have seen it in Paris!"

Naturally, when you consider the screen censors, the film version is still further from the French—in fact, completely removed. The scenario writer was forced to cut so much and to add so much in its place that its original author would never recognize the result. So this tale of the French girl, bent on arousing the jealousy of an American business Bluebeard, emerges as a typical movie of domestic life, smeared over with much marital sentiment.



BUSTER KEATON, JOCK HUTCHINSON AND GENE SARAZEN
United in breathless suspense at the shrine of a perfect stance.

Gloria Swanson glides through its innocuous though lavish scenes, with her usual regal manner and a new array of fantastic costumes. The priceless third act (done so gloriously on the stage by Barry Baxter) has been cut to a mere bit to permit more billing and cooing by the reformed Bluebeard and his model eighth

wife. Obviously there must be a market for these connubial romances for we see so many of them. But why drag in Alfred Savoir?

THE GREEN GODDESS

WITH the overwhelming success of *The Green Goddess*, William Archer smashed all the traditions of theory and practice. He had published a book on "Playmaking" some time before, and it is an unwritten law that a critic, competent to tell others how to write a play, may not, by any chance, write a good play himself. Nevertheless, Mr. Archer broke all precedent by turning out a piece of stagecraft which was a triumph of political satire and of swift and stirring melodrama.

In the screen version, the satire is ignored, but the melodrama remains. It is uncommonly good melodrama, terse, rushing and pictorially exciting. In fact, the screen has the advantage over the stage production in that scenes like the aeroplane accident and the bombing of the palace are elaborated with a fidelity which was naturally impossible behind any footlights. And Sidney Olcott, the director, has caught with startling effect, the lights and shadows of the weird unnamed country in the Himalayas.

Most playgoers know the story of the little group of English travelers wrecked in this strange land and left at the mercy of a suave and silken Rajah of Rukh. The plot revolves around the efforts of this smiling villain to get the beautiful English matron into his clutches, a scheme which is only foiled by much byplay with wireless and hurling of bombs in the hands of the rescuing troops.

In the screen cast, this version retains the two arch-villains of the stage; George Arliss as the sinister Rajah and Ivan Simpson as the purring, cringing valet. Mr. Arliss, by some magic of his own, makes his villainy as subtle on the screen as it was on the stage. You naturally miss, however, his smooth, insinuating voice uttering suggestions of unknown evil. Mr. Simpson repeated his stage triumph as a modern Uriah Heep.

SIDELIGHTS OF THE SILVER SCREEN

CECIL DEMILLE will soon offer to expectant fans the most spectacular and most ambitious effort of his career—the film version of *The Ten Commandments*. They are to emerge in a single production, one commandment at a time "in the order of their appearance" as we say on theatre programmes. The picture will involve every star on the DeMille list and several "discoveries" and has brought forth much excitement (and some mirth) from the

tized as a startling and unusual departure from the characteristic rôles of Mary Pickford. As evidence of this "startling" novelty, we have Mary's curls piled high on her head and fixed with a very Spanish comb. For the locale is that of old Spain with costumes and local color to match.

Zona Gale's new novel *Faint Perfume* is to be filmed by Victor Schertzinger. The book was generously received by the literary reviewers when it appeared as a serial in *the Century Magazine*. It bears an untable resemblance to Miss Gale's

former success *Miss Lulu Bett*; in fact, the heroine is practically a replica of the wistful and persecuted Lulu.

Charles Giblyn has been engaged by Whitman Bennett to direct the screen version of *The Leavenworth Case*. This famous old novel was one of the first works of Anna Katherine Green whose ingenious tales first started the vogue for this type of mystery melodrama. In its film form, it will be the first of six special pictures produced by Whitman Bennett.

NITA NALDI

A decorative figure in one of Cecil DeMille's *Ten Commandments*, Exact commandment not specified.



Monroe



NORMA TALMADGE

In an exciting moment of the screen play, *Ashes of Vengeance*,—a costume drama which has won popular approval.



CONSTANCE TALMADGE

As the beautiful bromide in that uproarious comedy called, *Dulcy*. A *déjeuner* where three seems to be one too many.



GEORGE ARLISS

As the suave and silken *Rajah of Rukh* who weaves his villainies in *The Green Goddess*.



GLORIA SWANSON
Appears shortly as the temperamental heroine in the eternal *Zaza*.



HOPE DROWN
A new screen star in *Hollywood*, who has a twinkle all her own.

Goldberg

IN THE NEW PICTURES

Unusual Personalities Appearing in Present an

V · A · U · D · E · V · I · L · L · E

A Review of the New Turns and Novelties in the Two-A-Day

Conducted By BLAND JOHANESON



ONE of the most venerable of the comedy institutions is the bellicose marriage of lowly Hibernians, whose *billet-doux* is the brick, and the rushing of the obsolete "duck" the prelude to a merry little love-feast of blackened eyes and broken *jardinières*. But wherever, in letters or the drama, with pen or brush, the records of this *genre* have successfully counterfeited art, the defensive combatant has been the husband, and the crude or elaborate clay weapons have been hurtled by the hand that rocks the crib. The ferocity of Mr. McManus's "Maggie" is sternly dignified and "Jiggs" wears his misery with a touching grace. But were the positions reversed, and the stars in the final picture went to twinkle over the lady's head, we would have no comedy in their encounter, only the nauseating and revolting spectacle of a gentleman behaving ungallantly toward his wife. With such a charming exhibition we are regaled in "refined vaudeville" by the Four Mortons, an act which, whatever its age or popularity, merits attention as one of the roughest acts in the music halls. By the endearing epithet of "hog" Mr. Morton addresses his wife, promising such gentle caresses as "a sock in the eye" or "a bust in the snoot." The Morton offspring, handsome Joe and clever Clara, cheer on these coy pleasantries, even witnessing the business of Mamma Morton, white-haired and sixty, planting a kick on the seat of papa's breeches.

What off-color gag or "blue" ballad can approach all this (with mother's "Often as I sit in the sink I think of the bath-tub you promised me!") and her lively jigging apparently innocent of the garment Will Rogers calls a "brasserie") for sheer vulgarity? If this is funny, Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin might as well quit. If it is "refined vaudeville" Mr. E. F. Albee might as well do likewise.

SUCH transparent devices as whiskers and an alpaca dust-coat disguise Mr. Louis Mann as a "Good-For-Nothing" in the *passée* Clara Lipman-Samuel Shipman playlet of that name and permit him to test the fraternal devotion of a snobbish brother before revealing himself to be a South African *operet*, simply filthy with money and on the closest intimacy with Kuhn, Loeb & the ambassador

Hotel. Of course, the brother, having changed his name from Isadore Markovitch to Irving Marco and annexed himself to the swellest West Side sabbie, is a bit discommoded by the talky and high-minded low comedy skeleton which emerges from his family closet on the very evening of a possible social triumph. But after a session of noisy nobility from Mr. Mann, the Great Wealth Revelation, and the exhibition of the long-lost "mamma," gotten up like a valetudinarian Quakeress, Isadore is himself again. And a timely curtain spares us the herring debauch to which the pseudo-Good-For-Nothing magnanimously bids his broken relatives.

AFTER his European holiday, William Halligan once more is collaborating with his author, S. Jay Kaufman, in patronizing these fellows Lord Dunsany, Guy de Maupassant, and O. Henry, as well as the great American Public. Messrs. Kaufman and Halligan are going to cultivate you whether you like it or not, and after remarking their sugar-coated jazz interpretation of the classics, it's little wonder that the shop-girls continue faithful to "The Sheik."

Highlowbrow is this gem in which Mr. Kaufman strives to be profound yet palatable, by hitting the high spots in *Regret*, *The Guest*, and *The Gifts of the Magii*, and occupying the interludes between them with a gatling-gun succession of such killing card-room wise-cracks as "Pull in your head, they're looking for lumber"—badinage greatly relished by the actor and his audience.

The three sketches are crude, poorly played, inadequate and useless, and the sight of Mr. Halligan's blonde plumpness prostrate on a stage lit with green lights and in the throes of tragedy is as comical as any of his gags. The audience laughs heartily at it, too. As a piece of irreverent buffoonery, Mr. Kaufman's *Little Literature for Little Minds* is a complete success.



WE have not yet recovered from the *Chauve-Souris*. Bekefi's "Theatre Grotesk" is another vaudeville

aftermath of it. This miniature review has the quaint charm of its model, and an added virtue, brevity. Mme. Julie Bekefi, the featured artist of the troupe, is both beautiful and entertaining. "Theatre Grotesk" is unquestionably the most artistic and successful of the many attempts to bring the caprice Russe to the music halls.

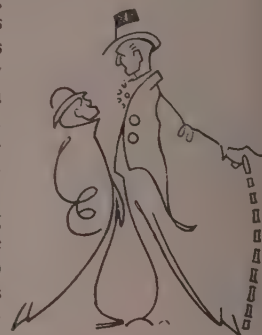
VERA MICHELENA, the popular comedienne, comes back to vaudeville with her husband, Fred Hillebrand, in a

highly amusing repertoire of songs and patter, completely ruined as finished entertainment by Hillebrand's presumably funny supplications for applause. My sweet temper soured during the storm of his entreaties. Miss Michelena is very clever and does a cunning little girl stunt, even contriving to suffer inoffensively the need of a missing handkerchief. She is far too good to lend herself to this undignified and irritating applause-plugging which was responsible for one of the month's worst moments.

Another was contributed by Vincent Lopez. Though no dance-music disciple is better qualified to say it all with music (hear him play *Nola*), this "effect"-maniac so unexpectedly shot off a cannon during one of his numbers, the house rose as a man a foot out of the chairs, and the chop suey laden breezes of Broadway surrendered without a struggle before the pungent gusts of gun-powder. If Mr. Lopez had placed his excessively handsome "clown" saxophone player within range, abolishing a good musician who has deteriorated into an aggravating cut-up, this pretty ragtime bloodshed would have excused his passion for "effects."

SOME true lover of Tin Pan Alley should bring to the attention of Harry Carroll the harrowing fable about the buried talents. One composer with sophistication, imagination and a command of polysyllables, now with gifted Grace Fisher, he continues to get away with songs and business he has been doing for years. Can it be that he is spending too much time on his dancing? What a pity that with plenty of Chopin which he didn't put into his *Always Chasing Rainbows* song, he does nothing to relieve Vaudeville of the monotonous banality of Gus Kahn lyrics.

We are forewarned of a foreign invasion the coming season. Such entertainers dear to the 'alls as Wilkie Bard and Cissie Loftus with hosts of lesser turns, miracles of strength, agility, dexterity, and other perfections from the continent where over half the acts are acrobatic are to enter the American lists. The proximity of a bar, makes humorous entertaining a lighter matter on the other side of the sea. That patriarch dialogue of the 'alls: *Wot'av you under theah? Underweah! Under theah! Underweah?* goes big with a beaker of stout. Excepting the great Guinness himself, who can they send as amusing as, say, our Cliff Edwards? We only can welcome our cousins and hope for the best.





Goldberg

MELISSA TEN EYCK

Of Ten Eyck and Weily, an interpretive dancer who has been pronounced "the perfectly proportioned woman."

LIVING PORCELAIN

A pair of Theodore Bekefi's dancers with his Theatre Grotesk in one of its whimsical and artistic numbers.



ALICE MANNING

(Below) A dancer so skilled that she literally "stops the show" which she graces, *Anatol Friedland's Review*.



Burke

TILLIS AND LA RUE

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Dances delightfully in the Elsie Janis manner and supports her brother, Ted, in his highly amusing comedy antics.



VAUDEVILLE'S DANCE FANTASTIQUES

Terpsichorean Varieties of the Two-A-Day to Please Every Tⁿte

Piano Prodigies Who Kept Their Promises—A Master of Jazz—San Carlo Song Birds

By KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

THAT little girl who resisted parental urges toward more diligent piano practice by saying, "But I don't want to be one of those infant prodigals!" was not trying to be funny. Like most modern youngsters, she had heard things; and something must have warned her against the business of being a musical prodigy. Every season produces its crop—a small person with curls, white frock, blue sash, and a violin. Or else it is a boy whose Eton collar persuades you that he is only twelve; and isn't it wonderful that he can stretch an octave and reach the pedals that way?

Newspaper reviews, on the day after one of these recitals, are likely to sparkle with such amiable words as "promise" and "future" and an occasional "we shall see what maturity can do." That is, they are unless they announce flatly "too early for a public appearance." An optimistic critic with a kind heart can do quite a little harm by encouragement at the wrong moment; but most of us feel our responsibilities and praise cautiously.

A ROMANTIC INTERVIEWER

OF course, there are the all too familiar exceptions. Josef Hofman's name leaps into your mind when you even think the word prodigy. And Mischa Levitzki, who has been called the logical successor to Hofman, began his career as a boy pianist. He, too, grew up to be a mature artist, though he is still in his early twenties. Doubtless, it is the thought of him and three or four others which makes zealous parents push forward little Ethel, long before she knows that Liszt and Chopin did not mean the same thing when they wrote music.

It was a young woman, just promoted to writing interviews, who told me that she wanted to make all her victims sound romantic. That seems to be a word which is capable of many interpretations and she was a trifle vague, too. "Oh, not love affairs and that sort of thing, but . . . early struggles; or what does a pianist think about when he isn't actually playing in a concert?"

So she chose Levitzki because she had been interested in his serene brow during a Beethoven *Sonata*. But when she started to ask him some of the always in stock questions, like "What is your favorite sport, and are you fond of light reading?" she found herself with a triviality complex. Nervously searching for a good opening, she plunged into the interview with, "Is there any secret to success?" Old, and not too good, is just about your only reaction to that query.

Perhaps a less kindly person than Levitzki would have made a haughty reply, or have responded with a neat motto: "Hard work is the only secret." A phrase like that is practically no comfort to a budding interviewer. But he helps

a smiling, "Take your work seriously. Don't take yourself that way."

This human and humorous quality has saved Mischa from being too cool and scholarly a pianist. And being just a regular everyday person who can laugh a little at everything, he never permits himself a program given over entirely to fireworks, to flashes of dazzling technique without the grace of warmth.



MITJA NIKISCH

Son of the famous conductor, Arthur Nikisch, this young pianist makes his American debut this month.

We shall have a chance this autumn to hear another pianist who had a public hearing when he was in the indefinite 'teens. They say, and this means reports from Europe, that Mitja Nikisch does not like the stories which suggest that he is as handsome as a movie hero, nor even the implied compliment in his resemblance to the Prince of Wales. But the son of the great Arthur Nikisch, conductor extraordinary, is certain to interest everyone on this side of the Atlantic, at least everyone who cares ever so slightly about music and musicians.

If young Mitja fulfills the pleasing prophecies about his nimble fingers and poetic charm, he will probably grow to resent, if he doesn't already, the continual reference to his famous parent. What can so easily console him is the reflection that the American public is open-minded. Once or twice it will repeat "you remember Arthur Nikisch, who was conductor of the Boston Symphony and the London, and . . . yes, he's his son!" And then Mitja can go along on his own power.

This talk of prodigies quite naturally makes me think of Norma Drury who made her debut two seasons ago, when she was about sixteen. Perhaps it was a trifle more, but what's a year or two among concert-stages? She had her long wavy hair loosely confined by a wide rose ribbon, and she looked, of course, like that shy school-girl of the advertised complexion. But she did not play like one. There was such tremendous force in her hands and wrists that one might have feared for the safety of keys, strings and felts.

Luckily, the little Drury proved that she had control, rhythm and the almost intangible something that we call color. She is an American girl, a pupil of Oliver Denton, and it will be distinctly interesting to watch her development.

JAZZING THE CLASSICS

THAT word "color" is tossed about rather carelessly, but it has become an important factor in all modern music. Scriabine took it so seriously that he was almost pompous. And now there is Vincent Lopez, a young man of twenty-seven, who has painted the sheen of jazz so that it has the soft tints and glowing hues of good music. He was another child-wonder of the piano, but instead of going the conventional concert-hall way, he made his genius take a somewhat more assuredly practical turn. Now that he is an orchestral conductor with off-springs, bearing his name and trained by him, all over the country, he still directs from the piano bench.

No insult is thrust at the light classics when they are popularized as Lopez arranges them. His men get a delicate beauty of coloring from master-composer and comic-apprentice alike; it is all a matter of rhythm and subtle direction. They speak of jazz as American music. Well, this is the spirit which the youthful pianist-director draws from his curious ensemble of wind instruments, one violin, one banjo and percussion.

After all, it is more important to perform a *Carmen* medley with effervescing charm than to play a Brahms *Symphony* badly. Any great symphony can be completely spoiled by faulty performance. Surely, if the most critical listener had to choose between hearing a Chopin *Nocturne* bungled by amateur fingers and the dainty airs of Nevin or MacDowell cleverly arranged and smoothly syncopated, he would do little reflecting upon his choice.

People talk a lot about the restless energy of modern life. That is what young Lopez has caught and translated into an expression that is curiously soothing, with none of the former shrieks and jangle that were once a part of jazz. There were certainly no violent protests when a deft arrangement of *Madame Butterfly* was piquantly played in a fox trot rhythm. Girls, who had

(Continued on page 56)

BIANCA SAROYA

Whose flower-like beauty and dramatic voice are glowing at the Century.

© Mishkin



MANUEL SALAZAR

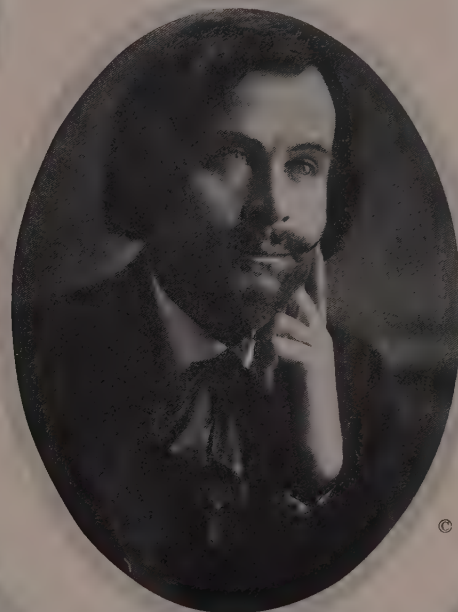
Guest artist with San Carlo in familiar pose as Canio.



© Mishkin

TAMAKI MIURA

Appealing of voice and gesture as Cio-Cio-San.



COLIN O'MORE

(Below) Young Irish tenor to make his operatic bow with the San Carlo Company.



© Underwood & Underwood

JOSEPHINE LUCCHESI

Combining charm and coloratura trills.



© Elzin

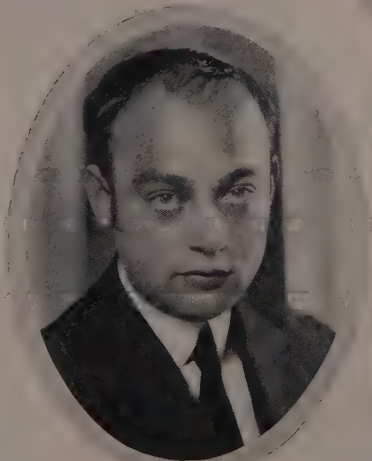
ANNA FITZIU

Versatile American soprano who will sing during the San Carlo season.

© Elzin

MISCHA LEVITZKI

One of the wizards who knows the lore of piano magic.



© Underwood & Underwood



Murray

NORMA DRURY

Another keyboard expert who has already proved that youth can serve.



VINCENT LOPEZ

A conductor whose sense of color makes jazz sound like music.

ON THE MUSICAL HORIZON

Songsters and Instrumentalists Who Bring Fresh Talents to the Season



© Central News

ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE

The popular English author of *Mr. Pim Passes By*, etc. dictating to his wife his newest comedy, *Success*, which will be seen here shortly.



DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN

Daniel Frohman, the veteran manager, looking none too happy, helps Mrs. Charles Gay, owner of a lion farm at Los Angeles, keep her dangerous pets in order.

© Underwood & Underwood

FREDERICK LONSDALE

Author of *Aren't We All?*, and *But For the Grace of God* which will be seen later this season.



White



Two famous Juliets—Jane Cowl and Kate Terry. The latter actress, now 79, was the most popular Juliet of her day in England.



© Underwood & Underwood

Annual "Washing of The Lambs," at John Golden's estate at Bayside, Long Island. (Left to right) Leo Carillo, Charles J. Winninger, First Cornet; Chic Sales, Second Cornet; John Golden; George V. Hobart; Robert Horea, and Bert L. Brown, Shepherd.

CAMERA SNAPS THE PASSING SHOW

Intimate and Unusual Glimpses of Famous Playwrights, Players and Managers



Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside
of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait



THE news that *Robert E. Lee*, another biographical drama by the noted author of *Abraham Lincoln*, is shortly to be revealed to Broadway calls to mind a recent bit of wagging that attended its London showing. A noted American manager who had not seen the play strolled into the Savage Club following the première and demanded of a popular English actor present how *Lee* was. "Dull as Drinkwater!" came the reply, and a *bon mot* was started that swept London!

Speaking of London and punning, I mustn't fail to report a good one, the victim of which was the Russian actor MOSCOVITCH, a sort of treble-barreled, deep-throated performer who has divided the English capital into two camps one very much for, the other heartily against. During the noted artist's engagement in *Chu Chin Chow*, two English actors of repute chanced to pass the theatre where he was playing and noticed a considerable number of the audience gradually seeping out of the house and fading away into the foggy night. "What's going on over there?" the first actor asked. "That, old boy," came the answer, "that is the retreat from Moscovitch!"

One more London note and we'll be through with it—for the time, at least. The lovely MARJORIE CHARD, often called London's most charming beauty, has again left the Strand for New York and will be seen here this coming winter in a new English comedy, which so far is without a title.

STUDIES IN "LIFE" BY SHUBERT

IF there is any credit due for the naked exhibition of the revue *Artists and Models* and the excitement it has occasioned, all of it must be accorded to J. J. SHUBERT. J. J. (which sounds nicer than Jake) is the brother in the noted partnership that looks to the musical end of their industry. LEE SHUBERT is the one who attends to the straight drama and gives public utterances on the necessity of keeping the stage clean, while J. J. is engaged in hiring American girls to exhibit themselves in a way which (due largely to the vulgar public reaction to such a proceeding) is scarcely glorifying for themselves. *Artists and Models*, its nudity and its blueness, is an attempt to bring the Folies Bergères to Broadway, thereby saving our old friend the t. b. m. a transcontinental journey. It was a pet idea of J. J.'s. I fancy he may be a bit jealous of all the nice little indictments that Al Woods has enjoyed. But why, if something *must* be imported from Páree, bring over what is undoubtedly the stupidest revue in the entire living world?

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. DAVIS

THERE is no stranger playwright living than OWEN DAVIS. Midway between his prizeplay, *Icebound*, one of the finest pieces ever done by an American, and his crude ten-twenty-thirds of the early days, lie such of his products as *Home Fires* which leaves Broadway more or less thwarted as to Davis's intentions and capacities. It is by a 50-50 division a combination of *Icebound* and the ten-twenty-thirds. But I learn that Davis is as happy to write the one form as the other and enjoys mingling his dramatic ingredients in this manner. Incidentally, his frequently expressed greatest desire is to write a sort of modern *Pilgrim's Progress* in dramatic form, showing the career of a young man through the more difficult years between adolescence and maturity.

EDWIN R. WOLFE, quondam stage manager for the Theatre Guild, has returned from Paris where he inaugurated an American Theatre at the Hotel Majestic, and will take up active direction on this side of the Atlantic for a while.



I have never heard of a more wretched mess financially than was the outcome of the ill-fated production *Fashions of 1924*, that lasted a week and a half on Broadway. I hear that on the very first Saturday of the "run" there was no cash to pay the salaries of the numerous principals. If Equity has any function whatever it is to protect actors in the matter of being paid for their services—however brief—after the four and often five weeks of desperately hard rehearsal in a musical show. Incidentally, how anybody who knows anything about the show business can proceed to a New York production without enough in reserve to pay the first week's salaries is a mystery to me. The whole project sounds like a mad, improvident adventure, woefully mismanaged, the principal victims of which have, as usual in such affairs, been the performers. One rather amusing feature of the fiasco is that ARNOLD DALY was in the cast but was fired "for cause," which ill luck turned out to be the best luck that Arnold has had in years.

SEEDS OF A REPERTORY THEATRE

TWO interesting revivals of a repertory nature may be essayed this season. OTIS SKINNER hopes to fit some performances of *The Honor of the Family* in between the runs of *Sancho Panza* and HENRY MILLER plans several matinee performances of *Pasteur*. I hear that Miller has received upward of a thousand letters from all over the country urging him to repeat his notable interpretation of the French scientist.

DUSE seems to be really on the verge of returning to these shores. The only reason she has not come sooner is that her conditions for the contract were so numerous and so difficult as to make other American managers than MORRIS GEST draw back affrighted. But Gest seems indifferent to the possible cruelties of Fate. The Italian star will give but two performances a week due to her weak condition, though I am told by Italians who know her well that much of this weakness is assumed and her not playing more is a matter purely of personal preference. It has been said that she uses no make-up, although in London she used it freely during her recent engagement there. Gest announces that the great actress will play in the Metropolitan Opera House. I cannot believe that this will happen. Duse's method is extremely quiet, and she emphasizes that "spiritual quality" for which she is famous—all of which means that the tragedienne could not possibly register back of the first ten rows at the Met.

CHICAGO AND THE DRAMA

CHICAGO does a lot of wailing about not getting "openings" as often as her importance would seem to warrant. Chicago is treated practically as a "road town" by the managers and receives little more attention than, let us say, Keokuk. This is largely, if not entirely, due to the indifference of Chicago newspapers to the theatres. Huge sheets like the *Tribune* and the *News* accord less than nothing to the theatres in the way of space, this despite a large revenue from dramatic advertising. The New York papers give the local theatres remarkable attention. The dramatic editor on a New York daily is one of the most important units in the shop and he works like a dog to have a lively, interesting and newsy page. In Chicago you have to hunt with a magnifying glass in the big papers to find any theatrical news and that news is simply clipped from the press sheet of an adjective mad agent. No wonder there is not sufficient local interest whipped up to make Chicago what many of its citizens would like to see it, the actual dramatic keystone of America.

(Continued on page 64)

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE



(Left) The late Louis Calvert, in his famous London rôle of the waiter, with Patricia Calvert, his daughter, as *Dolly*, and Berkeley Irvine as *Philip*, in Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*, presented in July at the College Playhouse of the Washington Square Center of New York University, with a cast composed entirely of students. Mr. Calvert not only appeared in the cast but rehearsed the Washington Square College Players for their series of three performances, in which his daughter made her stage début, and Mr. Calvert made his last appearance, just a week prior to his death.

© Wootten-Moulton



Photos
White Studios

(Above) Scene from *The Rose* by Minnie Maddern Fiske, produced by Cap and Bells, the Williams College dramatic club and sent on a tour of six cities including New York. Russell P. Harding is seen as the young and devoted wife and Linsley V. Dodge as the old and feeble Count de Rohan.

Jane Toy, Nancy Battle and Charles McRae, of the Carolina Playmakers, in Miss Toy's play, *Agatha*, a romance of the old South—a delightful little comedy of the days of crinolines, produced by the Playmakers at Chapel Hill and later sent on two successful tours of the State.



Staging Shakespeare in Schools and Colleges

Short Cuts to Successful Production—The Consideration of Ways and Means

By HARRY IRVINE

MODIFYING THE SCHOOL STAGE

THE plays of Shakespeare are dramas—stories expressly written to be told in action on the stage by living players. That they are also great literature is almost their misfortune. Schools and Colleges in particular tend to take a scholastic view of them—to multiply notes and split hairs over points of literary derivation—when the question most proper to be asked is whether the dramatic meaning is plain. And yet any student will gain a far clearer understanding of any play from seeing or taking part in a decent stage representation than from weeks of classroom study. These articles are designed to help those who wish to act the plays of Shakespeare, but have not much technical knowledge or many aids to presentation at their disposal.

DRASTIC CUTTING A NECESSITY

THE first difficulty that arises is the question of length. The plays have to be cut: partly on account of their license of speech, but chiefly because a modern audience lags far behind an Elizabethan one in the matter of attention. A professional performance varies from 150 to 180 minutes, of which some 30 are devoted to "intervals." An amateur performance should seldom exceed 120 minutes, and there must be at least one "rest period." Most players, professional and amateur alike, attempt to cram within their time limit a number of lines that cannot be intelligently rendered within that limited time. The language is archaic and often obscure: time is needed to "get over" the points. It is far better to speak half the number of lines and have them clearly understood. Consequently the "cutting" should be drastic; and, especially in the longer plays, much that is of great literary and even dramatic interest must be omitted.

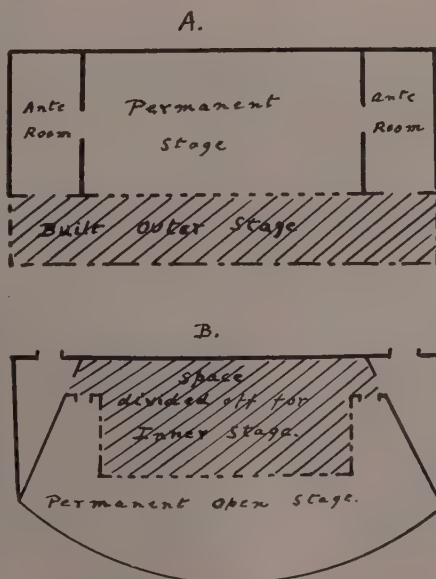
It is not always wise for amateurs to follow too closely the "cuts" of professional companies, even where these are available. Professional performances may reasonably be longer. Moreover, actors, being human, are naturally loth to part with effective speeches. If all the "fat" of the part of *Hamlet* is retained for the leading actor, much of the story has to be omitted. To "cut" drastically, and at the same time intelligently, it is first of all necessary to know in accurate detail the story of the play; and such knowledge is less common than many would suppose. Excise remorselessly at first every line that does not help directly to tell the story. Having thus arrived at a dramatic minimum, add scenes and speeches that are cognate to the main theme and that exhibit character; keeping in mind, as Shakespeare did, the value of variety or "relief." Above all, in your acting, do not be afraid of a comparatively dull expository passage which is necessary to an understanding of the story. Such a passage is not made more interesting or comprehensible by gabbling it rapidly in a "let's get this over" manner.

ANOTHER primary difficulty is the question of staging. Modern settings, particularly in the Little Theatres, are tending towards scenic simplification and suggestion. There is often some form of "permanent" scenery, to which details which suggest a particular scene are added. The stage built to Shakespeare's own design at the Globe Theatre—for which his later plays were written, and to which his earlier ones were adapted—had just such a permanent setting. It was not a bare platform, onto which placards were brought stating "This is a Street" and so forth; but a very elaborate scheme, skillfully thought out in all details, which provided seven scenes in one permanent "set." It was too elaborate for most of the modern theatres, to say nothing of halls and lecture-rooms. But Shakespeare was a practical actor-manager who had to keep in mind the needs of touring companies who played in halls, courtyards, and barns; and his scheme was capable of great simplification, which is eminently adapted to lecture-rooms and their like. It consists of an inner and an outer stage: the inner having curtains or doors and an entrance from the back; the outer having right and left entrances. Platforms, as opposed to fully equipped stages, reduce themselves to two types:—

A. Small stages with proscenium and curtain, and anterooms with doors at each side.

B. Larger open stages with doors leading on to them from either side.

A is best converted to Shakespearean use by leaving the stage proper for interior scenes; and building an outer platform



Two common types of school platforms, with suggested additions and changes for the production of Shakespearean plays.

across the full width of the auditorium, to which the anteroom doors serve as entrances. In the case of B it is best to erect a simple inner stage, leaving the front and sides of the open stage for the exterior scenes. Such an inner stage can be built with less trouble and expense than an ordinary set of scenery; it can be built out of existing "flats" where the set includes a large arch opening or pillars which can be used for the sides of the inner proscenium. Much unity of action can be gained and time saved; simple changes of decoration and furniture can be made on the inner stage behind the curtains, while a scene is in progress on the outer stage. A balcony is a great addition where it is possible, and can be used in almost every play; but it is only essential in three plays, and the difficulty can always be met by a cleverly contrived upper window in the side of the inner stage. Diagrams of such settings are shown. It is, of course, possible to perform any play on a single stage; but more time will be needed for intervals and scene changes: the expedient of a permanent set of draperies tends to deaden the action, particularly in comedy.

THE QUESTION OF COSTUMES

COSTUME brings with it the difficulty of trouble and research, and the question of expense. In Shakespeare's own day the players wore costumes of their own period, noted for their richness and elegance. Certain characters wore special details of costume to denote rank: witness a mediaeval item of "tenpence for gloves for God." Exactly what was done in the classical plays we do not know; probably the medley of classical and modern styles that may be seen in the works of Giulio Romano and contemporary painters was followed. The non-classical plays paid no regard to the exact century in which Macbeth, Hamlet, or Juliet lived: and this custom prevailed for many years. Garrick played *Romeo and Juliet* in the Georgian dress of his own period; and in the Balcony Scene a chandelier hung over the heads of the lovers. But we have grown so used to some degree of historical accuracy in the matter of costume, that the presentation of a play of Shakespeare in modern dress, though an interesting experiment, would arouse so much comment that the play would be swamped in the talk. And this is precisely the thing to be avoided. Shakespeare, the greatest stage-director of his time, would as gladly have made a full use of the stage facilities of today as he did of Elizabethan devices. Music and dancing, dumb-shows and pageantry, "machines" and trapdoors, are all called-for by his plays. He would have delighted in the resources of the modern scenic and costume designer—above all, in the lighting effects obtainable. But all these would have their proper place as background and frame:

(Continued on page 75)

The Amateur's

Green Room



BUFFALO'S PASSION PLAY

IN the open air theatre of the Jesuit Canisius College, Buffalo, it has been the custom to produce a Passion Play triennially, each production surpassing its predecessor in artistry and elaboration. The peak of accomplishment, however, seems to have been reached in the production of 1923, which will be presented four times each week, continuing until September 1st, with new mounting, scenes and settings designed by Sheldon K. Viele, who has been associated with many of the successful Theatre Guild productions.

Father Ahern, President of the College, has engaged Philip Loeb, of the Theatre Guild, New York, to act as stage manager. The musical setting has been arranged by John Lund; and Eric Seton Snowden, formerly associated with Sir Beerbohm Tree, is directing the production.

The open air theatre at Canisius seats 3,000, while the stage, modelled after the plan of the one at Oberammergau, occupies 15,136 square feet.

THE PROFESSIONAL STAGE WINS RECRUIT FROM AMATEUR STAGE

MISS ANN HOLLISTER, a former member of the Pelham Manor Club Players will make her professional debut in a new American farce comedy, *Adam's Apple*. Miss Hollister's training with the Manor Club Players should enable her to go far in her chosen profession, since that group of earnest and talented producers and players have made notable contributions to the Drama, their work having reached a very high level of excellence and artistry, not only in the acting department, but in their stage sets and lighting.

THE HUGUENOT PLAYERS

THE Huguenot Players of New Rochelle, New York, brought their first subscription season to a close with the presentation of three one-act plays; *The Revolt of the Mummies* by Theodore Pratt, *Acid Drops* by Gertrude Jennings and *The String of the Samisen* by Rita Wellman.

The initial year of New Rochelle's Community Theatre has been interesting and unique. Three bills were offered, and all of the plays presented have been unusually successful and

thorough in their technique. As a youngster of only three months the Huguenot Players entered the first night of the Drama League Play Tournament at the Bayes Theatre, New York, with a play written by one of their own members—*The Revolt of the Mummies*.

In the Fall, the New Rochelle organization hopes to have a Little Theatre of its own, where the workers can plan, execute, experiment, and present. Walter Hartwig, formerly Executive Director of the New York Drama League, is director of this earnest and capable group.

TROJAN WOMEN AT HUNTER COLLEGE

THE Extension and Evening Sessions of Hunter College, New York, gave a very creditable presentation of Euripides' *Trojan Women*, using the Gilbert Murray translation. The play was coached by Miss Mary B. Curtis, Instructor in the Department of Speech and Dramatics, and it was produced by Bathsheba Askowith, a gifted young Russian actress, now conducting a school of acting in New York.

STANFORD PRODUCES HE

STUDENT players of Stanford University stepped into prominence in Western "amateur" circles by their presentation of *He Who Gets Slapped*, the Andreyev drama originally produced by the New York Theatre Guild. The play was staged under the direction of R. C. Bentinck, acting director at the University, with A. D. Cohan, who gave a splendid portrayal of

"He," in the title rôle, and Miss Edythe Baylis and Miss Margaret Richardson in the leading woman's rôles.

This, the first attempt at serious drama at Sanford since the production of *The Yellow Jacket* two years ago, was followed in April by Clemence Dane's *Will Shakespeare*.

BELOIT COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

BELOIT COLLEGE, the oldest college in Wisconsin, is unique in its record of self-expression by way of the Drama. For twenty-six years past, the Greek classes have presented a Greek drama yearly under the direction of Dr. Theodore Lyman Wright, Professor of Greek Language and Literature, and well-known translator, lecturer and traveler.

In June, the Shakespeare Society presented *Much Ado About Nothing* as its twentieth annual production, and following their usual custom, the play was staged in the beautiful outdoor theatre known as *As You Like It Hill*.

For the student who prefers the modern type of drama the Beloit College Players offer opportunity for participation in the production of recent successes. In the past two years they have presented *The Professor's Love Story*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Believe Me*, *Xanthippe*, and *Dulcy*, besides several one-act plays.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATRE OF IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY

DURING the last week in August, the Department of Public Speaking of Iowa State University, presented the Little Country Theatre at the Iowa State Fair, Des Moines, where the students appeared in a group of three one-act plays; *The Clod*, *The Turtle Dove*, and *The Very Naked Boy*.

In connection with the Little Country Theatre, an Information Bureau was maintained, for the benefit of play producers in small communities, and play catalogues and other helpful material distributed.

Rural Communities in this part of the country are showing a lively interest in the experiment. Farm bureaus, schools, churches and other rural organizations have begun to use plays, sometimes as part of their regular programs and fre-

(Continued on page 75)



This setting for *He Who Gets Slapped*, designed by the student players of Stanford University, California, compares favorably with the Theatre Guild's memorable production of the Andreyev drama. This venture was a first of a series of newer plays to be offered by Stanford.

THE BEST THINGS IN TOWN



That the pleated apron and its cousin the pleated cape still hold their popularity Ruth Shepley testifies with her third-act frock of dove grey charmeuse in *Two Fellows and a Girl*. There should, however, not be too much of either apron or cape, each should tie with little strings of the material, and accompany a completely simple outline, whose only highlight is a pair of embroidered batiste cuffs.



Lucile's genius assembled this two-piece costume of mustard-yellow wool frock and embroidered coat lined with the same mustard-yellow wool, which Ruth Shepley is wearing. And since it is Lucile, you may imagine how beautifully the colors in the coat—a touch of pale yellow, of turquoise, a suspicion of deep rose—are harmonized with the embroidery on the dress and all the exquisite finishing details.



Created by an actress and being carried by several of them for shopping and commuting is this new and unusual bag of strips of shaded broadcloth with taffeta lining. It comes in several different tone combinations to match any costume.

Ira Hill Studios

For the name of the house that furnished Miss Shepley's clothes, or any further detail concerning them: also where the new bag may be purchased and what tones it comes in, write Anne Archbald, Care The Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

Figure 23.

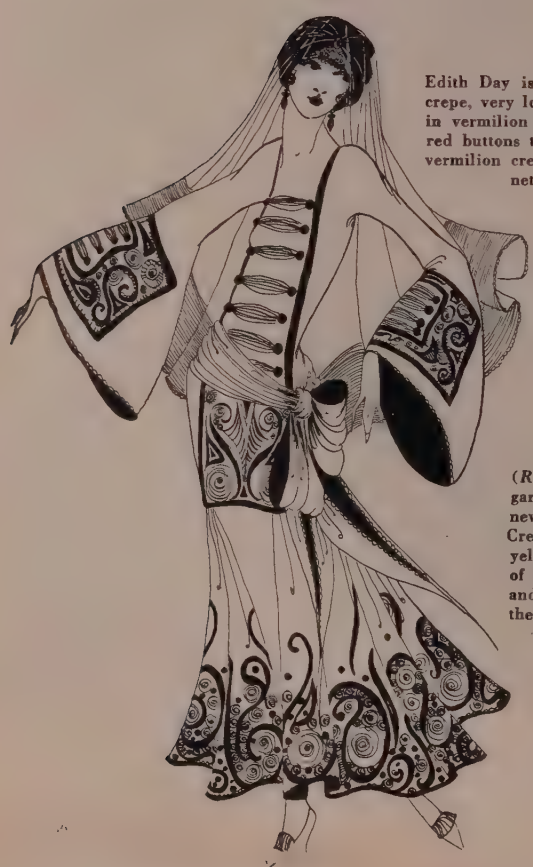


In *The Fashions of 1924* was the most fetching little hat made of nothing but row on row of coral beads.

Madame Sherri, *costumière*, at the opening night of the *George White Scandals* wore this individual and striking coiffure bound with a long filmy scarf of old white lace, to which white earrings—three carved ivory roses linked together—and a huge white plume of a feather fan added a vivid ensemble.



Poppy and Madge Kennedy will add 1870 influence to the season's clothes. Begin with her head-dress of silver ribbon, daisies, and wheat.



Edith Day is wearing a frock of powder blue "Molly-O" crepe, very long and circular in the skirt, and embroidered in vermilion and sapphire and silver. Silver threads and red buttons trim the front and sleeves, and the turban of vermilion crepe carries out the color scheme with its grey net veil bordered with blue chiffon.



(Right) *Wildflower* has just been regarded for a winter run, and among its new costumes appeared this sport coat of Crepe Romaine in brown, trimmed with yellow-ochre and vermilion. The hat is of brown and vermilion Crepe Romaine, and the amusing scarf of a combination of the three colors in the same material, bordered with black.

For information as to where Miss Monterey's frock, and the hats, and porcelain inkwells shown on this page may be purchased, write Anne Archbald, The Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.



"THE FASHIONS OF 1924"



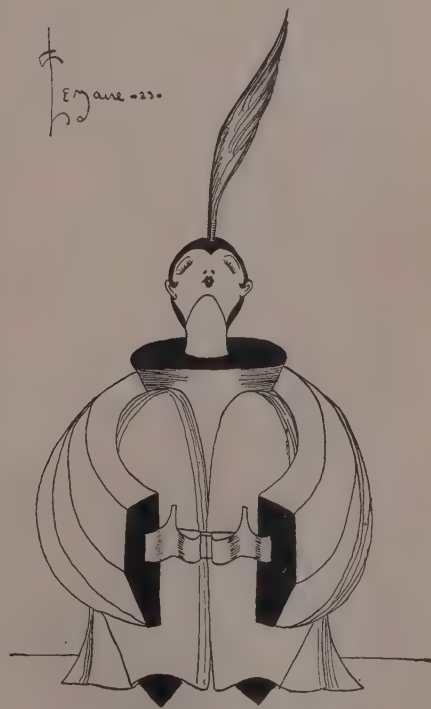
The Fashions of 1924 at the Lyceum showed Carlotta Monterey in a frock and plumed hat, which drew envious gasps from the audience for its chic. Of black moire with wide cream lace frills, the model would be ideally serviceable for wear under a fur wrap.

Quite the most becoming thing in hats is this French model worn by Edith Day—Irene Castle, too, returned from Paris similarly "chapeaued"—in sapphire velvet with long floating ostrich fringe in flecked sapphire and white. The model can be copied in purple, or black and white.

The black satin turban with padded rolls will still be popular for Fall, especially if a black net veil, worked with a border of dull gold threads, is thrown over it, and a pin added in black and turquoise enamel, with brilliants. The pins come in black and coral as well.



Doris Kenyon was seen shopping on Fifth Avenue in one of the new velour hats, a Lewis model, whose trimming of satin bows is built high in front.

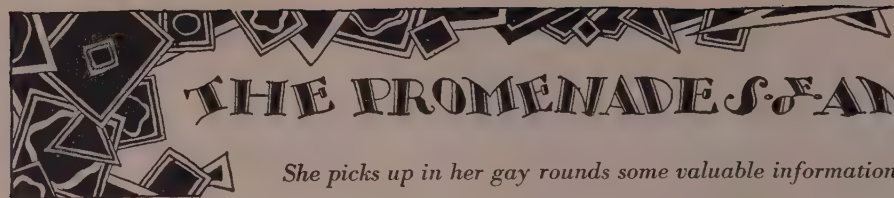


The modern note, so important to the feminine apartment, is found in this French porcelain inkwell in a lovely soft combination of blue and black, blue feather pen.



Every smart gown and hat shop now has its special counter of French novelties, from one of which came this inkwell of white porcelain and gold, whose small pen is touched with onyx.

12755



THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

She picks up in her gay rounds some valuable information concerning coats



TUBBY drove me up from Long Island in his roadster Monday morning . . . We got up at dawn to make an early arrival in New York . . . something of an event in my life . . . as I'm not over-given to dawn parties . . . Though, as far as that goes, I'd just as leave get up at five as at seven or eight . . . Any hour before nine is trying and depressing to my temperament . . .

The air was very sharp the first part of the way, and I hadn't furnished myself with warm enough clothing . . . Tubby glanced at me and murmured, "Thy ruby nose! Thy yellow cowslip cheeks!" . . . to say nothing of thy purple lips . . . "Lovers make moan," indeed! . . . You should have one of those warm polo cloth coats, Angelina."

"Why should I have 'one of those warm polo cloth coats?'" I snapped. "I detest polo cloth coats."

"Because, for one reason, as I've just been intimating," replied Tubby, "you would be warm instead of shivering and chattering, and hence more attractive to me."

Tubby has acquired this somewhat irritating manner of talking lately. I tell him I don't know whether it's because he thinks he's practicing up to be a "hus'bind" (quoted from myself) . . . or whether he's taking one of those correspondence school courses, "How-to-be-irresistible-to-women-in-eight-volumes," and the method is recommended there . . . a kind of dilute cave-man stuff. However, the less attention one pays to it the sooner I suppose he'll get it out of his system. So I contented myself with responding, "You said 'one reason' . . . What's another?"

THE COAT OF GILDA GRAY

ANOTHER is that if you'd seen the kind of nice rough warm fuzzy-clothed coat I saw recently you'd be tickled to death to own one, if only for its smartness . . .

"Where did you see it? Who was wearing it?" I asked, my curiosity aroused.

"Gilda Gray," said Tubby.

I sat up and took notice at once . . . "When?"

"When she took that party of us out to her country place Saturday night after The Rendezvous."

And then Tubby went on to enlarge on how all hands remarked on the coat and said how wasn't it just the coat for a motor—Miss Gray leaves directly after her dance at The Rendezvous and drives out to her Long Island place in her car every night in order to sleep in the fresh air—and why couldn't more women manage to combine common sense and *chic* in such fashion.

Miss Gray, it seems, told them all about the cloth of the coat which "made it what it was today" . . . an imported English

material like a kind of polo cloth, that wore wonderfully, wasn't affected by the damp and would not crush nor flatten . . . The material particularly fitted the coats for steamer wear . . . in fact, Miss Gray saw the first one on a friend of hers sailing for Europe . . . Yes, she was frightfully keen about it . . . it was her latest toy . . . she'd only had it ten days and slept with it under her pillow . . . so glad everybody else like it too . . . You can just believe she was taking it with her when she went on tour with *The Follies* . . .



Gilda Gray is wearing the smartest of coats, a "Swansdown," whose imported English material is particularly adapted for motor or steamer. The color is a soft beige with beaver, the material stitched in slenderizing lines.

Tubby hadn't forgotten a detail . . . He said he'd been saving up especially to tell me because he knew I'd be so interested . . . And then the coat had "just hit him right" . . .

"Did she say what the name of the material was, Tubby?" I asked. "And whether the coat is a special kind of make?"

"Yes, I made a point of inquiring," Tubby answered, "Wait a minute . . . it was on the tip of my tongue . . . and why

the deuce by all the laws of association should I suddenly think of Pavlowa? Ah, now I know . . . Pavlowa . . . her famous dance . . . *The Swan* . . . name of the coat, "The Swansdown" . . .

THE COAT OF CATHERINE CALVERT

THAT same evening Tubby and I went to the opening of Mary Ryan in *Red Light Annie* at the Morosco Theatre . . . The evening in town was as warm as the early morning in the country had been chill . . . but a large and distinguished first night audience steamed happily through melodrama brought up-to-date—"all the modern improvements," remarked Tubby—and appeared thoroughly to enjoy themselves.

The *pièce de résistance* among the crowd, we thought, was the beautiful Catherine Calvert, wearing the most gorgeous of flower-embroidered white shawls . . . and escorted by the good-looking S. Jay Kaufman, columnist and playwright. Miss Calvert had just come back from her season in London, and Tubby and I rushed over to greet her . . . We were invited to tea next day at the Ritz where Miss Calvert is stopping and lost no time in accepting. That's where I saw another coat worth talking about . . .

Miss Calvert wore it when she came down to receive us . . . a Worth coat . . . brought from Paris . . . I'll tell you about the coat and then describe the lady's whole costume, which was exquisite down to the last detail . . . But then it always is . . . I've never seen her when it wasn't . . .

The coat was of a rough, scarlet serge, with a bit of light embroidery here and there in gold thread, collar and cuffs of grey squirrel, and most interesting sleeves full below the elbow and slit to show a glimpse of grey underneath. This was worn over a light grey georgette frock with pleated panels from neck to hem, and accompanied by a cloche of grey satin the same shade with an interesting arrangement of flat bow on the left side.

On Miss Calvert's feet were grey silk stockings and red kid slippers . . . one of the few occasions, incidentally, where one would permit red slippers, too . . . but trust Miss Calvert . . . For jewelry there was a long string of pearls, a pearl-headed pin for the front of her grey hat, and an uncut ruby ring set in platinum for her little finger . . . As the last perfect bit Miss Calvert carried an oblong envelope purse made of nothing but small dull red beads.

When you add to this ensemble the fact that Miss Calvert is like the Princess of the fairy tale, "with skin as white as milk, and hair as dark as ebony, and lips as red as the blood from a pricked finger-tip," you can imagine how lovely the whole picture was. Even the Calvert hands fell in line with their white skin and their polished carmine nails.



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NEW YORK

THOSE MARVELOUS MARIONETTES!

(Concluded from page 24)

walk and the waltz with which modern dancers daze the courtiers when they wake from their long sleep.

Besides operas, farces, comedies and dramas, the repertory of the Piccoli includes fairy extravaganzas like *Ali Baba*, *Puss in Boots*, and *Cinderella*. The last named work is embellished by the agreeable melodies and harmonies of Massenet. Dr. Podrecca and his aides have put grotesquery and fun into these plays, without spoiling them by over-rank buffoonery. Tributes from such celebrities as Duse, Busoni, Mascagni, Malipiero and Casella bear witness to the beauty and true artistry of the performances. An Italian critic said of them some time ago that they were the only ones to which people of imaginative minds could go without fear of disenchantment. Maeterlinck, if he has attended them, must have been charmed. In London, by the bye, the operas and plays were interpreted—sometimes rather heavily—in English. In Italy, of course, they were sung and spoken in the idiom of that country.

How the twelve string-pullers concerned in the productions have attained their dexterity I cannot tell. They say that the secrets of their craft (or art) have been handed down to them for many generations and they are closely guarded. It has taken Dr. Podrecca and his associates nine long years to bring their performances to

the perfection which today makes them unique. Heart-breaking labor may have gone to the development of every incident in each play and dance, the co-ordination of the tones and gestures in each song and opera, the elaboration of each acrobatic "turn". All we who sit in front to see and hear is the result of strenuous, dogged, painful effort. Only in respect can Dr. Podrecca be said to have had an advantage over the managers of real, living, human actresses and actors. He has had to contend with no small, squalid human jealousies. His marionettes care nothing for the applause which they acknowledge on the stage night after night. They may be damned or praised, ridiculed or gushed over. Such tri- cannot dim their sweet serenity.

And do not dream if you should see the Roman puppets that you can treat them just as wood and rags and sawdust. They may be that. But they are vastly more than that, true symbols of an art which may be not so wit less honest and devout than the displayed on the so-called grand opera boards—or in the temples of high comedy and drama. The antics of the dolls are not haphazard—their mirror life reflects real human life. The difference between their puppet show and the performances that draw the crowd on Broadway is, after all, very wide or deep, though to admit the fact may pain some worthy actors.



AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS NOT WELCOME HERE?

(Continued from page 9)

play simply isn't found in the American market often enough to supply any appreciable part of an Art Theatre repertoire. One of the things the Guild hope to do in their new and larger theatre is to employ young players in studio try-outs of promising native dramas, so that the authors may learn the craft to make them ready for the actual stage.

Having said all this in legitimate justification of the Guild's attitude toward the American drama, there is still something, I think, to be said on the other side. Personally, at any rate, I do not think the Guild has ever looked in the right quarter for American drama to develop to their standard. Certainly, the American plays they have selected are singularly unrepresentative. *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, to be sure, was a dramatization of a piece of historic realism, but it did not belong to the drama of our day. *Ambush* was a good modern play—but it wasn't American. It was written in an imitative idiom, like a translation of some drab Continental

drama. *The Adding Machine*, Guild's latest contribution to our native theatre, was obviously put on because it represented an effort to apply a new and freer technique to stage, as is just now the fashion. But whereas in O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* and in Lawson's *Roger Bloomer*, there was a distinct elevation of thought and dignity of purpose, which redeemed any apparent coarseness or profanity, *The Adding Machine* seemed to me people at most times irremediably vulgar, without any breath of the fire that refines. It was coarse in a way that the kind of Americans, certainly, who support the Theatre Guild find offensive. Never mind whether that attitude is the right one or not; it is an attitude. It is part of our national psychology. Hence *The Adding Machine* seems more like an import from Berlin than something of our own.

Now, if anything is plainer than any other thing about the American drama, it is that its evolution has been slow

(Concluded on page 54)

Fans and Personality

Memories of the paintings and poems of the brilliantly gorgeous court of France, vividly recall most charming and lovely women—women of striking character like Madame de Pompadour—women of infinite grace and delicacy like Marie Antoinette.

Why do these women linger in the memory, where women of other eras are forgotten? Because of their recognition of the vital importance of expressing their personality through personal adornment.

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"EISEMANN FOR FANS"

(Continued from page 19)

Little Miss Bluebeard

Song play in three acts by Avery Hopwood, produced by Gilbert Miller at the Lyceum Theatre on August 28, with the following cast:

Larry Charters, Bruce McRae; Eva Winthrop, Margaret Linden; Smithers, William Eville; Sir John Barstow, Arthur Barry; The Hon. Bertie Bird, Eric Blore; Bob Talmadge, Stanley Logan; Colette, Irene Bordoni; Gloria Talmadge, Jeannette Sherwin; Lulu, Eva Leonard-Boyne; Paul Bondel, Burton Brown.

AS with most plays of Continental origin, this so-called "Song-Play" is like a naughty story without a climax, a drink without a "kick," or, to use a time-worn, but none the less effective, metaphor, "like an egg without salt." Shorn of its obviously intended naughtiness, in order not to shock the moral sensibilities of its American public—a public, by the way, not ruffled by *Demi-Virgins* and *Rubicons*—this new Hopwood offering promises something which it can not or will not fulfill.

A philandering Englishman, already married, and the father of a family, goes through the ceremony of marriage with a French girl of whom he is enamored. He marries her under the name of a friend, and repenting after the ceremony, takes her to his bachelor friend's apartment, washes his hands of the affair, and leaves it entirely up to his friend to straighten out the difficulty. The bachelor, succumbing to the charms of his vivacious French visitor, proposes that she live at his apartment for a week, and that they then go through the ceremony of a divorce. The girl takes up her abode in one of the bachelor's bedrooms, and he, his married friend, and other men callers, take their places in armchairs outside her room the first night she stays there. In order to while away the tiresome monotony of such an all-night arrangement, the French girl emerges every now and again in satin pajamas, or clinging negligees, and sings impassioned love songs to them, the while she gaily refers to her "husbands-in-law" and her coming divorce.

But, outside of these little outbursts, she is a perfectly proper young person. While she consents to sleep in the bachelor apartment, breakfast with her host in negligée, and prance about in pajamas before him and his men friends, this, strictly speaking, is as devilish as she will be. She doesn't even permit the bachelor to kiss her, and she insists that the married man she married stay around to act as chaperone.

Even this bit of French naughtiness would be rather satisfying if allowed to stand, but all this is blotted out and purified by the revelation, in the last act, that the whole affair was prearranged by all the characters in the cast, with the exception of the bachelor.

It was just a little joke, concocted by Colette and her friends, to mine whether the bachelor would propose or not. Rather an elaborately arranged scheme to pass a bored week!

Why Mr. Hopwood calls it a play is a mystery. Irene Bordoni, the title rôle, sings two or three melodies, and that's all there is to it. However, Miss Bordoni, piquant, doll-eyed, always delicate, has the trick of singing such songs as *I Won't Say I Won't* and the *do-la* with their double meaning, effectively, and she makes quite a thing of it. Otherwise, she has little to do than display more or less gorgeous costumes, and when she is the governess of the children, the man she is supposed to have married, one wonders if all French governesses wear Poiret, Patou and Chanel and cloaks.

Bruce McRae, as the bachelor, is charmingly debonair as a juggler, and Eric Blore, a new arrival to our stage, as an English dandy, is excruciatingly funny as a "silly awss" who is always getting into trouble for the sake of his friends.

We've Got to Have Money

A comedy in three acts by Laska, produced by A. L. Jones, Morris Green at the Playhouse Theatre on August 20th, with the following cast:

David Farnum, Robert Ames; Campbell, Stewart Kemp; Toney, Jerome Cowan; Robert Brady, Leo L. Richard Walcott, Robert McWade, Bigley, Louis Mountjoy; Lucas, John James Doolin, Alex Derman; M. Joseph Granby; Kennison, Milton Jr.; Otto Schultz, Manuel A. Allen; Henry Mack, J. D. Walsh; Dunn, Warren; A. Barber, R. M. D'Angel, Walcott, Vivian Tobin; Evelyn Doris Marquette; Betty Clark, Marie Walker; Miss Doolittle, Eden Graff, Davis, Louise Segal; Miss Finney, Finch.

TO step from the rough-sincerity of *Icebound* into a inconsequential comedy of the Alger, Jr. type requires no little trionic versatility. Robert Ames accomplishes the transition in his rôle at the Playhouse with a degree of success. In the briskly groomed young business man, make a wad of money—by the process of capitalizing the misadventure of the land—one comes to lose sight of the sombre, slightly contemptuous figure of Ben Jordan of the Owen Davis play.

Although insignificant in the present comedy by Mr. Ames provides a pleasant and amusing figure in the theatre. The idle wealthy young gentleman, sent to the leg man against his will, exchanges names and position with a street drug clerk who promises—for t

(Continued on Page 52)



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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 50)

of the education he receives—to turn over to his patron his degree and diploma so that the latter may fulfill the stipulations of a family inheritance, provides opportunity for considerable fun.

How the subterfuge is finally discovered; how the young rascal abjures his fortune and goes forth—armed with the sole asset of a bright idea—to conquer the world, and how the idea blossoms into an actuality, is the essence of the plot. Mr. Ames carries the action along at a lively clip, amply seconded by the playing of Mr. Leo Donnelly, in the character of Robert Brady, a man with money, who is finally inveigled into the wild scheme.

A scene in the office of the young promoter in the Woolworth Building is hilariously funny, presenting a variety of odd characters, each with a new invention or a brilliant idea that only wants financial backing. To discriminate in praise of any particular member of the large and well-balanced cast would be impossible. They are all excellent. Personally we liked Manuel A. Alexander as Otto Shultz, an inventor; J. D. Walsh (who bears an uncanny resemblance to the late Frank Bacon) as Henry Mack, another inventor; R. M. D'Angelo, as an Italian barber; Joseph Granby, as M. Levante, and Milton Nobles, Jr., in the rôle of Kennison, the conspiring secretary. Vivian Tobin is charming, as usual, and makes the most of a rather thin part.

Edward Laska has, we understand, already written several musical revues, the present venture being his first essay with straight comedy. His humor is spontaneous and, in most instances, a natural outgrowth of the situations. Choosing a theme so intimately interesting to the great majority of the American public stamps him as a shrewd business man as well as an ingenious and skillful dramatist.

Thumbs Down

A thrillodrama in a prologue and three acts by Myron C. Fagan, produced at the 49th Street Theatre by C. C. Wanamaker, with the following cast:

Officer O'Neill, John Wylie; Officer McGraw, Earle Mitchell; Emmett Sheridan, Howard Lang; James Cantwell, Purnell B. Pratt; Virginia Sheridan, Thais Lawton; Florence Sheridan, Sue Mac Manamy; Dopey Brown, William Ives; Billy Camp, H. Dudley Hawley; Charlie, Harvey Hays; Larry Fowler, John Marston; Samuel Hart, J. Hammond Dailey; Judge Richard Fowler, William Ingersoll; Coroner Reynolds, W. J. Townsend; Officer Moulton, Thos. H. McKnight; Mortimer, George Harcourt.

PROHIBITION has proved an invaluable asset to the drama. The crime, violence and tragedy which were formerly a natural outgrowth of the "coise of hard licker"—while still

available resources for the distressed dramatist—have become even more venomous and unsavory through association with the outlawed cult of bootleggery. *Thumbs Down*, as a product of dramatic art, owes its existence to the Eighteenth Amendment and subsequent violations.

This accumulation of theatrical material presents: a "studio," a District Attorney, an Irish policeman, a Service agent, a Coroner, the daughter of a prostitute, and a dead man. It is a mystery play. You never know who killed Emmett Sheridan until the last part of the last act. The trouble is, by that time Mr. Sheridan has been shown up as such a miserable wretch that you don't care particularly who did the dirty work. When the curtain is finally brought to light your sympathies seem rather inclined toward him. There should have been an act, to give the audience—especially the many with honest bootlegger acquaintances—a chance to root for acquittal.

All in all, it is not a very good play, although there are a few effective scenes, especially those participated in by Sue Mac Manamy, Florence Sheridan, and William Ingersoll as Judge Fowler.

Little Jessie James

A musical farce in 2 acts. Book and lyrics by Harlan Thompson; music by Harry Archer, produced by Lawrence Weber at the Longacre Theatre on August 15th, with the following principals:

Tommy Tinker, Allen Kearns; Juliet, Edna Harkins; Mrs. Flower, Winifred Hamilton; Geraldine Flower, Ann Sands; Paul Revere, Jay Velie; S. Block, James B. Carson; Jamieson, Clara Thropp; Jessie James, Nan Halperin; William J. Pierce, H. Gray.

TAKE one naughty bedroom comedy—with a mechanical bed that moves in and out of the wall—so it down in spots (the comedy, not the bed), add a few songs in each act and you have a "musical farce." One at the Longacre could have been softened a trifle more thoroughly. A few of its scenes, but since blushing has gone out of fashion it doesn't matter.

The story unfolded is a complicated affair concerning two impecunious gentlemen who are paid by a furniture dealer to occupy an elegantly appointed suite of rooms, representing themselves as scions of a once wealthy family forced to dispose of their heirlooms. The disappearing bed happens to be one of the heirlooms. It also acts as a sort of *deus ex machina* for the plot, as the hero and a strange young woman are forced to take refuge in it at the unpropitious moment when the former's fiancée and mother-in-law arrive for a visit.

(Concluded on Page 66)

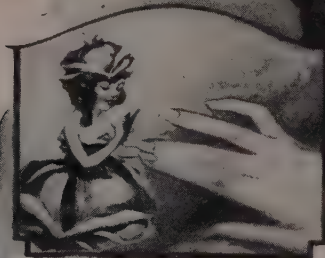


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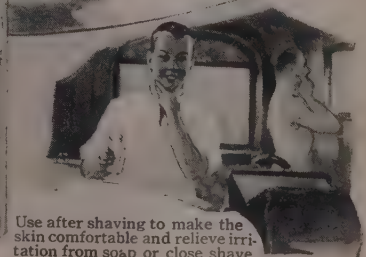
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AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS NOT WELCOME HERE?

(Concluded from page 48)

national lines, and our popular theatre has also been our most worth while theatre. To me, the most interesting thing about O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* was the fact that it so often reminded me of George Ade. Don't laugh yet. I mean it. Take the scene in the prison, where a voice reads a New York Times editorial and the other prisoners howl derisively. The scene is bitter and biting, but it is a dramatized Ade fable, just the same, with O'Neill's sombre twist to it. What is *The Great Divide*, surely one of our very best plays? Nothing in the world but the old American frontier drama, written by a poet and a man of intellectual force. It is *Davy Crockett* with a college education. I would rather see Craven's *The First Year*, or Ade's *The College Widow*, or Cohan's *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, than *Ambush* or *The Adding Machine*, not because they are funnier, but because I think them better American plays, far more truly reflecting American life, even if they make no attempt at conscious criticism of that life, or have little intellectual body.

OUR DRAMA NOT IMITATIVE

WHAT the Guild has done, it seems to me, is to look for American plays which take the same squint on life, or find their importance in the same interests, as the European plays the Guild has produced. I think this is a mistake. I think it will never get the Guild, or American drama, any farther. The American drama, if it is American drama, honest and spontaneous, not desolately imitative, will always be ironic or comic or idealistic, and in the face of ridicule let me add, also, clean, certainly sufficiently so to shed a kindly light amid the encircling gloom. It is far from true that we have no native drama. We have a very thriving and technically expert native drama, which has at least the humble merit of surface veracity and great entertainment value. This drama has followed a plainly marked line of development for at least fifty years. Out of it will come any American plays worthy the stage of an Art Theatre; and they will not come by any other way. Imitating Russian realism or German expressionism won't help. It is to this drama that the Guild must look for its American plays.

James A. Herne, William Gillette, Clyde Fitch, William Vaughn Moody, George Ade, Augustus and A. E. Thomas, Frank Craven, George M. Cohan, Connelly and Kaufmann, Booth Tarkington, all write or have written, such drama. If the Guild could get a second *College Widow* or *Clarence* or *First Year* or *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, they needn't be ashamed to face Europe—and how their subscribers would rejoice! Of course, Tarkington wrote but one *Clarence*. The rest of his plays are mostly hokum. The Guild might retort that there was enough hokum, or insufficient intellectual body, in nearly all these dramas to rule them off the Guild stage. Possibly. But think how little added pungency to the satire, or thought to the characterization and plot, would be needed to make such work not only delightful native entertainment, but sound, significant American drama. The Guild's attitude, of course, is that of most of us. We all tend to look down upon what is our own. I don't criticise. I merely say the Guild must get over this attitude, if it is really going to develop an American repertoire.

After all, is *The First Year* one whit inferior as a play to *Mr. Pin Passes By*? It is just as funny. It is just as true. It simply happens to be about mid-western Americans, not sophisticated inhabitants of an English country house. A. E. Thomas's *Her Husband's Wife* is just as good a play, for that matter. Our dramatists can write for the Guild, the best of them, at any rate, if the Guild will take their natural, spontaneous product. But now they feel the Guild requires them to write like Ibsen or Tolstoi or Ervine—and they can't do it.

A SUGGESTION

I WOULD honestly like to see the Guild put on a play by G. M. Cohan, one which Cohan wrote *con amore*, for the sheer joy of getting fun out of the life he sees about him. It would be a vastly entertaining and significant performance—especially if the Guild let George M. Cohan help to stage it, with the benefit of their scenery and the check of their artistic restraint.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

It was interesting news that Merle Alcock is to sing at the Metropolitan next season. The gentle and lovely quality of her pure contralto is well-known to many from her talking machine records, to which list she adds two more fine numbers of characteristic appeal. *Sweet Spirit*, *Hear My Prayer* is from the nearly forgotten *Lurline*

of William Vincent Wallace. Towards the end there is a smooth ornamental passage which does not disturb the melody. *Suo-Gan*, on the other side, is a well-known Welsh lullaby, sung with extreme simplicity of style. Both numbers are sung with exquisitely natural, unconscious effect.

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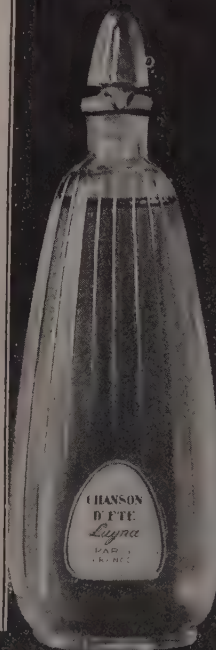


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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

FLAPPER ACTRESS A PERIL TO STAG

(Concluded from page 12)

nouncements shot with humor, the mental pugnaciousness betrayed in every sentence."

It is no secret that the American public has been kinder to Ervine than the people of his adopted country. *John Ferguson* and *Jane Clegg* gave the Theatre Guild its real start. While Nigel Playfair produced *John Ferguson* at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith, it did not attain the same success as in our country. The Irish players revived recently, *Mixed Marriage* and other Ervine plays are done each season by provincial repertory companies. But Ervine has not exactly struck twelve yet in London, although in the theatre and in literary circles he has had more than a *succès d'estime*. Of all the London reviewers, he probably is the best liked. His name is the signal for enthusiasm. But the withholding of his due by the London public may color his viewpoint with bitterness. It would be interesting to see what would happen if he wrote as successful a piece as, for instance, *Chu Chin Chow*—probably the last type of entertainment he would choose.

The Ervine conversation is one of

bounding eagerness. He says that he was hurried in finishing *Foolish Lovers* and it is not a work. For *Changing Winds* I he has a kinder feeling. But open and responsive to any criticism of his work. It is the mind of a playwright turned critic with an inevitable war between the creative and the judicial point of view. I think Ervine is more the playwright than the critic. His lack of tolerance what is below a certain standard, the intolerance of the creative rather than the critical mind—His praises are in terms of black and white. His viewpoint at times is insular. He is merciless in condition. He refuses to blow hot and cold in the same breath. He has an unpopularity for the sake of the idealism in which he believes. A man with him discloses a man outwardly cool and poised; further may reveal a man aflame against injustice and chicanery. Had he lived in another century he might have been a religious zealot; today this zeal has turned into a fight for the holding of the drama. When L. recognizes his worth the smile returns to his lips.



JANE COWL'S APPROACH TO JULIET

(Concluded from page 22)

Adolph Klauber, then the Sunday editor of the *New York Times*, met the slim, dark-eyed, earnest school girl when she was fourteen. She brought a "piece for the paper" to his office. He published that and other "pieces" because he thought them worthy of publication. His professional interest became a personal one. When she was sixteen and a half years old they were married. Mr. Klauber was her mentor. He was her critic—friend—guide. To him she gives the utmost praise for her progress to the long run as Juliet. Mr.

Klauber became dramatic critic of *The Times*. After a long service resigned, tired of having to write many bad plays. Later he produced some bad, also some good ones. He has found the supply of good plays inexhaustible. He was associated with his wife and the Selwyn Brothers in the production of *Romeo and Juliet* that passed its one hundred and fifty performance at Henry Miller's theatre, so exceeding the number of Barrymore's performances of Juliet and Edwin Booth's one hundred and fifty in the torments of the Dane.



MUSIC

(Concluded from page 36)

taken singing lessons with "One fine day" as their objective *aria*, have danced to its insinuating sway.

They will be going this month to the San Carlo Opera to hear the lissome Tamaki Miura sing that *aria* which can always get an emotional reaction from the susceptible. This Japanese soprano has always seemed to me to be the perfect Cio Cio San. Somehow in her child-like figure she can catch your imagination and hold it captive from the first half-giggling entrance to the final scarf and screen. Miura knows the value of restrained gesticulation, while she never allows

her plaintive lyric tones to grow shrill with emotion.

Another member of the San Carlo is the full-throated Salazar from the Metropolitan forces, ready to counteract treason as Rhadames or sob over the bitterness of Canio in *Pagliacci*. A new recruit is Colin O'More, who will tell Mimi in *La Bohème* all the hopes and fears of Rodolfo, impoverished but light-hearted. Possibly a part of the popularity of Puccini's tragic-comic opera is due to that narrative. Consider the dolphos! They toil not, neither do they sing, mostly. But they ye

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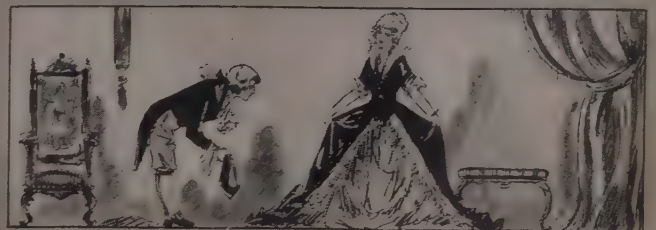


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(Concluded from page 20)



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Alan Dale (Alfred J. Cohen) was born in Birmingham, England, in 1861. He became private secretary to Wilson Barrett, who is said to have brought him to America. Dale's first position as a dramatic reviewer was with the *New York Evening World* from 1887 to 1895, after which he went to the *New York Journal* and later to the *New York American*, for which he still writes. At one time Dale was the best hated critic in America, a distinction he probably has lost. Actors, authors and producers eagerly awaited the day when Dale would throw his hat into the play-writing ring, and, though the critic held his desires in leash for many years, finally he braved fate and his enemies with *The Madonna of the Future* with Emily Stevens as the daring heroine who had many things to say and few to do. How irresponsibly time flies! When this drama was produced at the Broadhurst Theatre in New York City in 1918, the public was shocked because Miss Stevens came to the footlights and said, in effect: "I want a baby; I am going to have a baby, and I am not particular as to how I get it!" Such a little thing as that would not raise an eyebrow in the year 1923. After this scarlet effort, Dale put together a harmless comedy, *Nobody's Fool*, which served May Robson for a season of nice profit in the one-night stands. Henrietta Crosman is now said to be endeavouring to resuscitate the play, and may or may not bring it to New York sometime in the indefinite future.

Augustus Thomas, the Landis of the theatre, was born in St. Louis in 1859. Thomas spent his early days in newspaper work, at times writing reviews of the productions that visited his home town. His success as an author of plays is too well-known to require comment.

NO MONOPOLY FOR NEW YORK

JOHN CORBIN, who was born in Chicago in 1870, but changed his allegiance to New York, was drama editor on the *New York Times* in 1902 and on the *New York Sun* from 1904 to 1907. He became literary editor for the *New Theatre* during Winthrop Ames's régime in 1908-10. Corbin wrote two plays, *Husband*, produced by Grace George, and *Forbidden Guests* in 1910, evidently inspired by what he discovered the state of playwriting to be during his association with the millionaire's playhouse. Now he is back again at critical writing for the *Times*, possibly trying to forget his brief slip from virtue.

Nor does New York City hold all the critic-playwrights. Marian de Forest, dramatic editor of the *Buffalo Express*, collaborated with Jessie Bonstelle on *Little Women* and on *Erstwhile Susan*, acted by Mrs. Fiske.

Frederick Shrader, one-time editor of the now defunct *New York Dramatic Mirror*, formerly critic of the *Washington Post*, and now a correspondent on theatrical affairs, turned out *A Modern Lady Godiva* in collaboration with Lloyd Bingham for the latter's wife, Amelia Bingham.

AN IMMORTAL HORN-TOOTER

PERHAPS the best self-advertised man in the world, always excepting the ex-Kaiser, is George Bernard Shaw. In 1885 Shaw began as a reviewer of art for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and continued this work for the *London Star* from 1888 to 1894. He wrote on the drama from 1895 to 1898 for the *Saturday Review* in London. His reviews in the latter journal have become classics of criticism. In their published book form, *Dramatic Opinions and Essays*, they make an amazingly interesting and vital record of the London stage of that period. Shaw was a first-rate dramatic critic and yet he turned out plays, some of which, at least, threaten to become immortal. We nominate *Caesar and Cleopatra* for that distinction.

Shaw, in a way, was discovered by Archer, who aided Shaw's early career on the press and sent some of his stories to Robert Louis Stevenson, who returned them with the now famous remark: "But, I say, Archer, my God, what women!" Archer even went further. He began a collaboration with Shaw, furnishing the plot for a well-made drama of the day, which the Irishman exhausted in the first two acts. Archer threw up his hands and publicly disowned Shaw, who, despite the bitter denunciation of his elder colleague, completed the piece and called it *Widower's Houses*. This was the beginning of his play-writing career, which is so familiar that it would be impudence to dwell upon it. Shaw, however, has never ceased being a dramatic critic, though he confines his reviews to his own plays and prefaces each one of them with a critical dissertation on its merits, its philosophy and its imperishability.

St. John Greer Ervine (for some curious reason, perhaps Irish, called *Sinjin*) whose *John Ferguson*, *Jane Clegg*, *Mixed Marriage* and *The Magnanimous Lover* have been so successful, the former three particularly so in this country, was a dramatic critic on the old *London Citizen*, a socialistic organ now deceased. Ervine, despite the royalties he has rolled up in American currency, continues writing about London productions for the *London Observer*. As he admits he finds little in the English playhouses that pleases him, one wonders why he persists in the daily grind of critical work, more especially since he is a much better dramatist than critic.



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SUN UP

(Continued from page 28)

Suddenly there is a loud rapping at the door and a man's voice begs for shelter from the storm. Mrs. Cagle welcomes the stranger, who has lost his way, gives him food and drink, and offers him Rufe's bed for the night. Again there is a loud rapping at the door. The Sheriff demands entrance. The stranger springs up in terror.

STRANGER: Don't let them in. They're after me. I've got to get home.

MRS. CAGLE: (Looks at him closely) What ye done?

STRANGER: Nothing that's really wrong.

MRS. CAGLE: Ye air goin' home to see yer maw?

STRANGER: Yes.

MRS. CAGLE: Then they caint git ye. Go in the back room. Git in bed and cover up yo' head.

THE Stranger hurries into the back room. Mrs. Cagle, taking a gun from the corner, opens the door to the Sheriff and his man, who are looking for a deserter from one of the Army Camps and have tracked the man to this cabin. The Sheriff wishes to search the house. Mrs. Cagle tells him that Emmy is in bed asleep, but to be on the safe side, the Sheriff insists upon looking into the back room. The search proves unavailing and the Sheriff is about to leave when the door opens and Emmy enters. Mrs. Cagle pretends that Emmy has played a trick on her, putting things in her bed to make her believe she is there. When the men have gone Emmy turns to Mrs. Cagle.

EMMY: What's yo' Mis' Cagle?

MRS. CAGLE: Thar wuz a furriner come here. He wuz young like Rufe. He wuz runnin' from the law. I put him in bed and told the Sheriff it wuz ye. I reckon he musta slipped through the winder but I don't see how he done it.

EMMY: He won't have no chance outside in this storm. Bud said ye had a letter, Mis' Cagle.

MRS. CAGLE: I'm powerful anxious ter hear it. Now Emmy, ye eat yo' supper first and then ye kin read Rufe's letter.

EMMY: Let's read the letter first.

MRS. CAGLE: No, he's well, or he wouldn't a wrote.

At this moment the Stranger appears in the doorway. He had heard Emmy arrive and knowing that would mean another search, hid under the potato pile in the corner.

MRS. CAGLE: Mighty lucky for ye. I thought he wuz about to git ye. I wuz all ready to shoot.

STRANGER: You would have shot to save me from arrest?

MRS. CAGLE: I promised that I'd hide ye. didn't I? Ye air welcome.

Stranger, as long as ye air honest and I reckon ye air if ye ain't do nothin' worst than run away from war.

STRANGER: Perhaps it wasnt' an honest thing to do, but there were circumstances—

MRS. CAGLE: Afeered of gittin' shot? Stranger?

STRANGER: Yes, I was—

MRS. CAGLE: Well thar air many things that's worse. Being afeered worse. My boy ain't afeered o' his own shadow. I didn't want him to go, case I could see no use of it. But I want say nothin' agin him goin' when he thought hit was right. Whut's it over? Stranger?

STRANGER: Well, for one thing, protect our country.

EMMY: That's what Rufe said, Mom. Cagle. He know'd.

MRS. CAGLE: Yes, I heard him. I didn't think the boy know'd so much. Read his letter, Emmy. Rufe could always write nice letters.

EMMY: Why, Mis' Cagle, your name is printed.

MRS. CAGLE: Read the inside, Emmy.

EMMY: (Cries out) Tain't from Rufe, Mom! Tain't from him!

MRS. CAGLE: (Fiercely) Who's from?

EMMY: I can't read it.

MRS. CAGLE: Great God, why didn't ye learn me how to read? Spell out, Emmy. Maybe the Stranger can help ye.

EMMY: (Sobbing) I so afeered the Stranger.

STRANGER: I'll help you.

EMMY: M-R-S-L- That's yo' name.

Mis' Liza Cagle. We r-e-g-r-e-t—

STRANGER: That means—are sorry.

MRS. CAGLE: (Repeats) We air sorry.

EMMY: To i-n-f-o-r-m—

STRANGER: That means to tell—

MRS. CAGLE: We air sorry to tell—

EMMY: You-that-your-son, Rufe Cagle—

d-i-e-d—

MRS. CAGLE: DIED—

EMMY: (Sobbing) Oh, Mom, Mom!

STRANGER: (Taking the telegram and reading) February fifth, in action.

That means he died—fighting.

MRS. CAGLE: (Calmly but with deep emotion) It means my boy is dead.

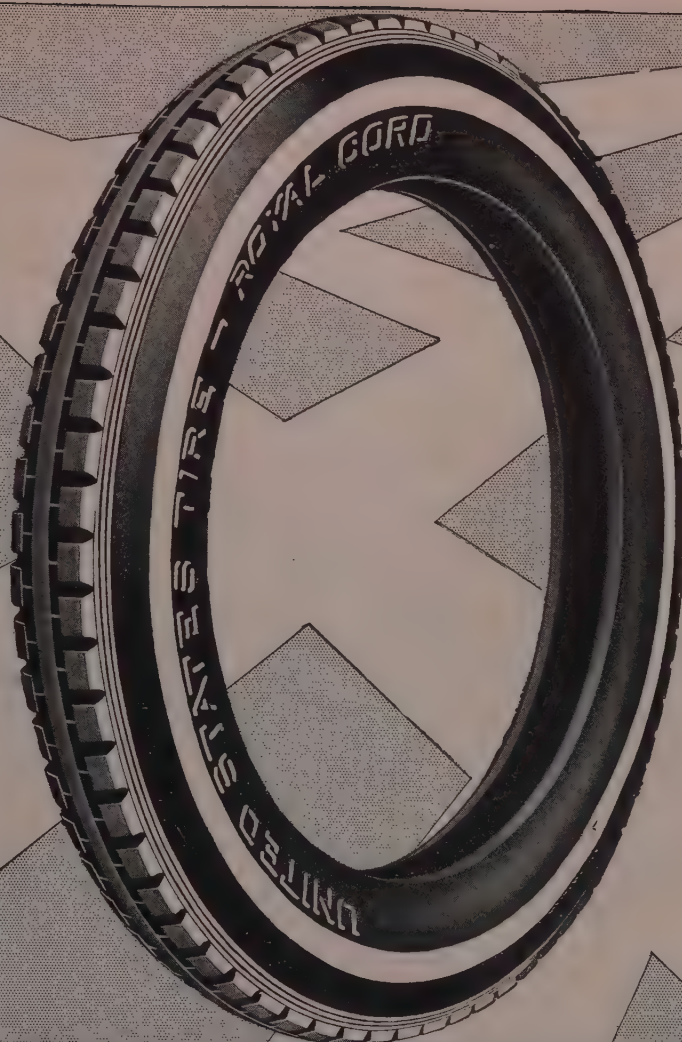
It means the law's got my boy, same as his Pap.

SCENE II. A few hours later, early morning. Mrs. Cagle has been up by the fire, watching through the whole night. Emmy, exhausted from grief, has fallen asleep. Mrs. Cagle wakes her.

EMMY: Oh, Mom, I dreamt hit was so. I thought that Rufe had come back. Did ye lay down, Mom?

MRS. CAGLE: No, I jest sot here and kept athinkin'. Seemed to me like Rufe was a little boy again, I kin remember when he used to stomp his toe or hurt hisself. I'd feel the pain as much as him. And jest like I

(Concluded on Page 62)



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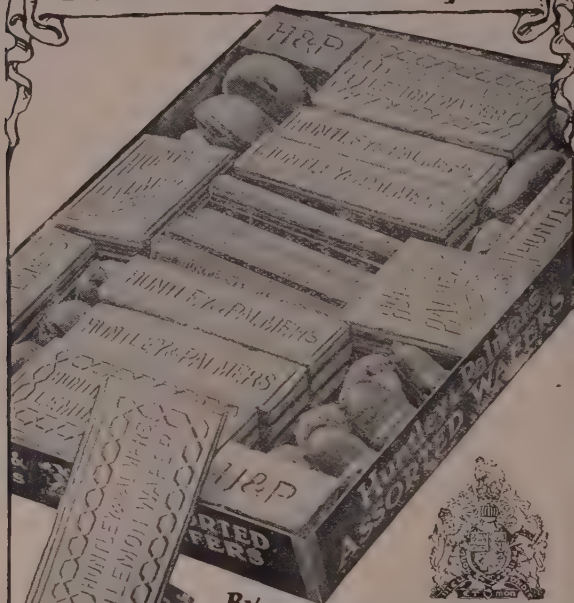
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(Continued from page 60)

THE SWEETMEATS OF KINGS

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wuz little agin, somewheres in here—
(touches her breast) I kin feel the
hurt of a bullet.

THE Stranger, shamed into bravery
by the sight of Mrs. Cagle's stoic
suffering, decides to go back to camp
and give himself up. Before he can
leave, they hear the Sheriff, and the
Stranger is forced to hide again. The
Sheriff warns Mrs. Cagle that she is
liable to imprisonment for harboring
a deserter. The brave old woman de-
fies him and boasts that the law has
never taken anybody out of her house.
Then the Sheriff, who has just learned
the deserter's name from his deputies,
plays his trump card.

SHERIFF: This is a warrant for the
arrest of Zeb Ruener, J-r. That means
—son of Zeb Ruener.

MRS. CAGLE: (Rigid with emotion)
Ye mean this boy air—the son—of my
man's murderer?

SHERIFF: Yes — this deserter — the
same. Now I leave it to yo' judgment,
Mis' Cagle, if ye hadn't better jest
turn him out ter me.

MRS. CAGLE: No, Sheriff, ye kin wait
—outside.

The Sheriff, satisfied with his tri-
umph, goes out smiling.

EMMY: Mom, who is he?

MRS. CAGLE: The son of the man
who killed Rufe's Pap. Rufe's dead,
and one of his murderers air in thar—

EMMY: Ye goin' to give him to the
law, Mom?

MRS. CAGLE: No—not to the law.

Taking her gun in her hand, Mrs.
Cagle calls to the Stranger to come
out. She tells him that his father,
a revenue officer, shot her husband in
the back, while he was protecting his
own property. Now the murderer's
son is hers to deal with according to
the feud law—a life for a life. Cover-
ing him with her gun, she gives him
time to reach Bud's gun and use it.

MRS. CAGLE: I'm offerin' yo' a chance
fer yo' life, but if ye air too much
of a coward to take it I'll—

EMMY: (Throwing herself between
Mrs. Cagle and the Stranger) Mom,
ye shan't kill him, ye shan't!

MRS. CAGLE: Air ye fergittin' that
the law killed Rufe?

EMMY: No, Mom, I ain't a fergittin'
ever. But it want the law, Mom, hit
wuz hate. Hate like this thing in your
heart—toward him—fer somethin' he's
got nothin' to do with. It's hate, Mom.
Rufe told me the day he went off—

(Suddenly Mrs. Cagle stops and
listens intently.)

MRS. CAGLE: Hush, did ye hear that?
Hit's him— Caint ye hear him?

EMMY: Who, Mom?

MRS. CAGLE: Be quiet I tell ye. What

is it, Son?—Ye—Yes—Say hit agin.
Son, so's I kin tell them. (Mrs. Cagle
repeats in a measured voice) As long
as thar air hate—thar will be—feuds.
As long as thar air wimen—thar will
be—sons. I ain't no more—to you—
than other mothers' sons—air to them.
(She turns to the others. The gun
slips to the floor) Didn't none of ye
hear him speakin'?

EMMY: No, Mom. Ye must a thought
ye heard him. The dead cain't come
back.

MRS. CAGLE: I reckon my love went
on—out yonder—and reached him.
He told me what to do. I reckon
ye better go, Stranger. If ye put on
my coat and a shawl and my bonnet
and go out with Bud, Jum Weeks will
think hits me and let ye go.

STRANGER: But you—what will he do
to you?

MRS. CAGLE: I ain't afeered, and thar
ain't no danger unless ye air afeered.

After the Stranger has gone out
with Bud, Emmy watches at the
window until she sees that they have
passed Jim Weeks safely. The Sheriff
comes in to take his prisoner and finds
that Mrs. Cagle has outwitted him.
He arrests Mrs. Cagle, who calmly
makes ready to go to jail.

MRS. CAGLE: Emmy, ye kin move my
things down to yo' Pap's—and don't
ye fergit—Rufe's hoe—Emmy. I'm
ready—Sheriff.

The Sheriff shakes his head, as if
ashamed, and goes out saying,
brokenly:

SHERIFF: Well, not now, Mrs. Cagle,
not now.

MRS. CAGLE: Ye go ahead Emmy,
with yo' Pap's breakfast and before
the Sheriff gits back I'll dig the snow
outen the yard.

EMMY: He ain't a comin' back, Mom.
MRS. CAGLE: Maybe not, Emmy. I
ain't afeered, nohow.

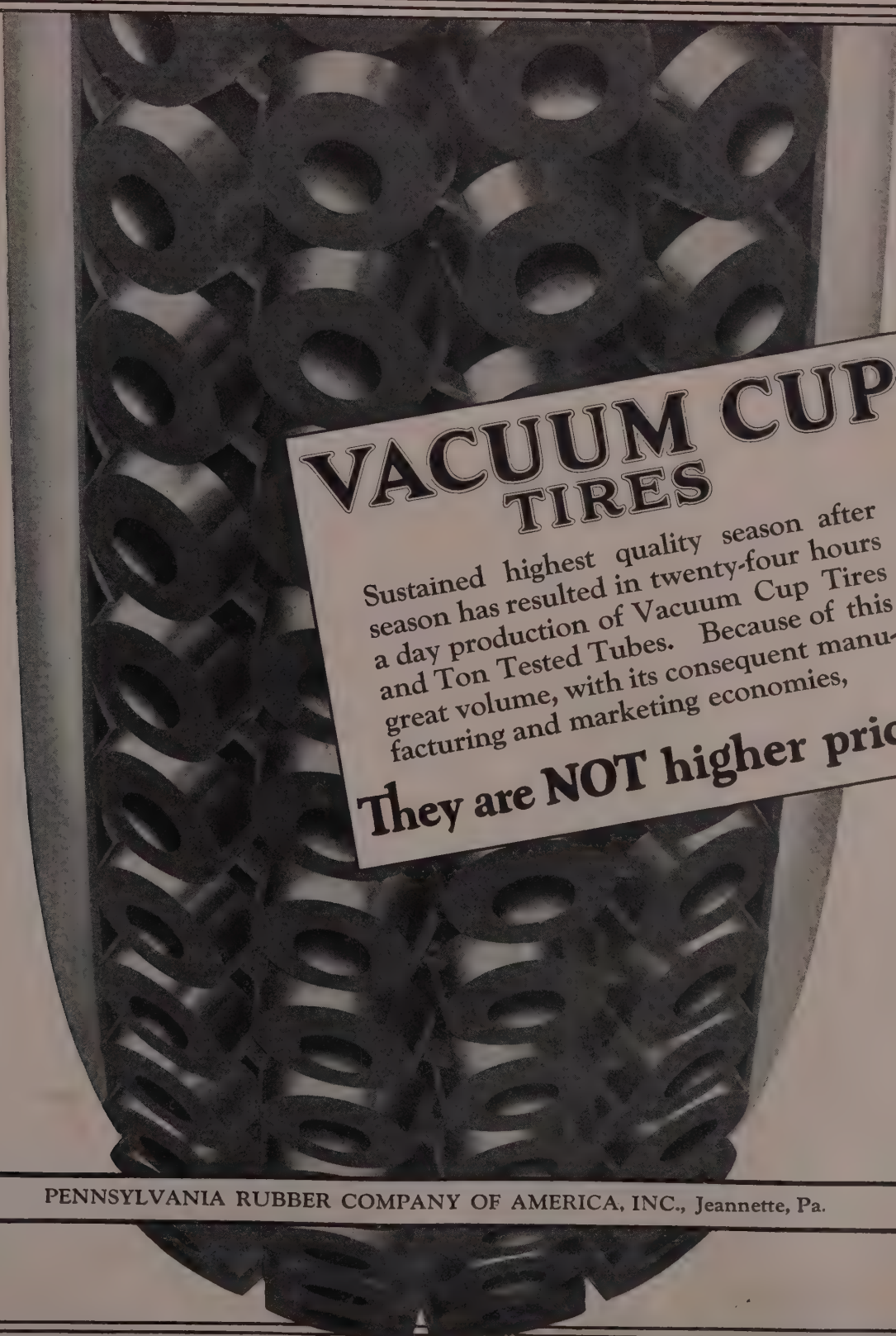
AFTER Emmy goes, Mrs. Cagle
finishes sweeping the hearth, then
she takes Rufe's hoe and starts to-
wards the door. She stops, as if listen-
ing to a voice.

MRS. CAGLE: I heard you, Rufe. I
never knowed nothin' about lovin'
anything, but ye—till ye died. I know
now hits the lovin' them all that
counts. Hit was sun-down when ye
left me, Rufe— (The morning sun,
just rising, comes in through the
window.) Hit's sun-up now, and I'm
a hopin' God A'mighty is atakin' keer
of ye—Rufe.

As she opens the door, the sun
floods in. With the hoe in her hand
she goes out quietly, and closes the
door behind her.

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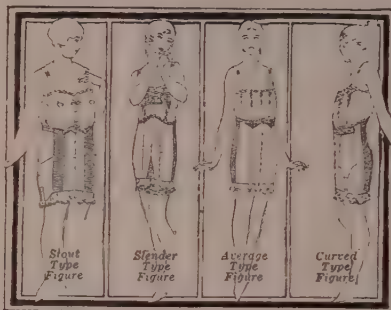
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Heard on Broadway

(Concluded from page 39)

THE cartoonists, when they picture a theatrical manager, paint a fellow heavy with the suggestion of money. As a matter of fact, there are very few rich producers. I doubt that there are more than two managers who have a million dollars, and one of those made his fortune partly as a popular actor, and the other as a song-writer. I do not include the Shuberts whom I list among real estate operators rather than purely managers. The day of big winnings in the American theatre is over. Production costs, salaries of players and crew and musicians make a dent in profits which is staggering. I'll wager that in Paris, the *Folies Bergères* management makes more money out of its bar concession than many a so-called "big" producer here makes out of his season.

WARFIELD DAZED BY TEMPTING OFFER

DAVID WARFIELD received a letter from a vaudeville agent the other day reminiscent of the *Merchant of Venice* production at the Lyceum. "Dear Mr. Warfield," it went, "if you'll put your affairs in my hands instead of Mr. Belasco's I'll undertake to have you playing on Broadway and on the side streets in six months!"

ERIC BLORE, the young English comedian who made a sensational success upon his first appearance in America, in the rôle of the silly ass in *Little Miss Bluebeard*, was famous in England during the war for his band of players who actually acted in the front line trenches and wore themselves hoarse yelling their lines above the unending roar of the fire that went on all about them.

Prima donnas have, apparently, a secret passion to express themselves on the speaking stage. FARRAR has given in to it, as has MARGUERITE SYLVA. Now I see that MARY ELLIS of the Metropolitan will be in the much-heralded *Casanova* with LOWELL SHERMAN. And on dit, as our neighbor, *Town Topics*, would put it, that SOPHIE BRASLAU may lend her gorgeous contralto note to a domestic drama before the season is entirely done.

Important changes are recorded in the annals of our local group of dramatic critics. KENNETH MACGOWAN is no longer a daily reviewer, though he is liable to become one any day now. Meantime he says what he thinks for our sister, *Vogue*. BENCHLEY prepares to quit *Life* and take up the rôle of comedian with the Music Box. WOOLLCOTT has grown an indeterminate moustache and goatee, giving the distinguished recorder for the *Herald* the general picturesque aspect of a Spanish troubadour. BROWN alone remains untouched by time and tailor.

WHITE HOUSE NEGLECTS THE DRAMA

IT is extraordinary how little the present-day great executives of our land care for the theatre. Or, if it is not that, it is amazing how little time they find to go there. EX-PRESIDENT WILSON, for instance, rarely went to anything but a vaudeville show and he went to that not because he enjoyed the show so much as that it forced him to chase mighty questions temporarily from his mind. EX-PRESIDENT HARDING rarely went to a playhouse. When on two or three occasions he did so in New York it was invariably to a revue of some sort. There is no record of PRESIDENT COOLIDGE ever having been in a theatre. Apparently there is enough drama in the own lives without their having to seek out the vicarious sort, or perhaps the recollection is too vivid of that great American president who attended the theatre with tragic results.

The Green Room Club is making splendid strides in the direction of improvement. From the little club-house in the upper Forties they are going to move into a handsome new place far better located and build the membership into one of a somewhat broader character. There is more life and intelligence in that organization today than in any of the other dramatic coffee houses.

Sometimes it's just as well to keep quiet. An estimate of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt may be gained from his response to the *Evening Sun's* request that he list the six best plays he had ever seen. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy named *The Covered Wagon*, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and *The Music Master*. The first two, great movies though they be, are certainly not plays. And being able to pull only *The Music Master* out of the memorabilia of his dramatic observation is rather astonishing. Methinks Roosevelt père would have done a bit better.

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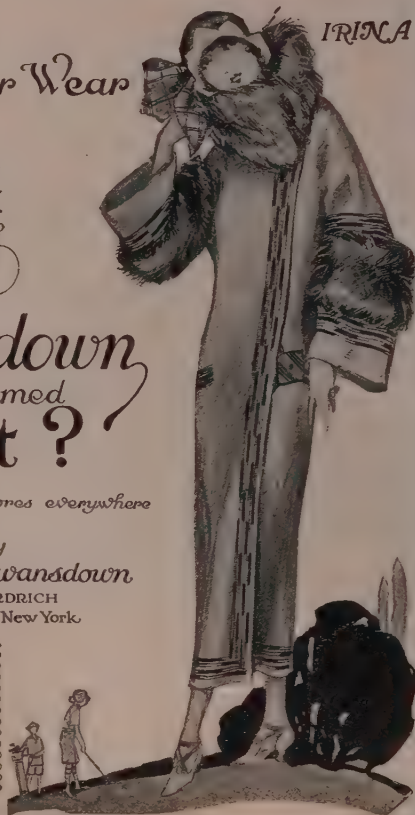
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Theatre Magazine

ARTHUR HORNBLow

Editor

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IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE:

Eleanora Duse—*The Woman and The Artist*

An engrossing personality study of the famous Italian tragedienne whose re-appearance in America this month—after an absence of twenty years—is the outstanding theatrical event of the decade.

The Business of the Theatre

How are actors engaged? Where do agencies get their cut-rate tickets? What is the actual cost of the average production? An enlightening article on how the Art of the Theatre is put on a business basis.

Mirrors of Stageland

Revelatory glimpses into the personal lives of our well-known players—a clear-cut, uncompromising estimate.

A New Ballet from Sweden—



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LES VIERGES

An exotic dance number from the repertoire of the Swedish Ballet.



What Robert Mantell, the eminent Shakespearean actor, thinks of *THEATRE MAGAZINE*.

"I have every *Theatre Magazine* that has been issued since its beginning. It is invaluable for reference, and all who care for the theatre should read it.

Yours sincerely,
R. B. Mantell."

Heard On Broadway by *L'Homme Qui Sait*

Gossip of stage, screen and concert platform by one of the keenest observers and best informed writers in the profession. This department is quoted in the daily papers.

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conducted by Richard Steele

Stage Fashions

Fashions, as originated on the stage, *The Promenades of Angelina*, and *The Vanity Box*—all by Anne Archbald, whose intimate acquaintance with stage favorites of the moment lends authority to her pen—are regular features of the *Theatre Magazine*.

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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 52)

The strange young woman has come to pay a call on the hero's chum, for the purpose—as she explains, with an engaging frankness—"of deceiving her husband," and the unexpected arrival of the latter, as a bill collector, precipitates the evening's hilarity. Anyone who has studied the drama can see that, from now on, it is a case of getting all parties concerned out of a very compromising position. This is effected by the appearance of a lady from Kansas and her daughter, who have come to purchase antiques. The daughter, Little Jessie James, takes charge of the situation, and with a masterful effrontery and no little manoeuvring, finally reconciles the deceiving lady and her husband and captures the hero's heart.

Nan Halperin makes an irresistible Jessie James, the one regret being that her rôle is not more intimately associated with the early part of the proceedings. The peculiar magnetism of her personality registers most emphatically in the songs: *My Home Town in Kansas*, and *From Broadway to Main Street*. The hero is played by Jay Velie, who has a pleasant voice and manner, and the comedy of the piece is largely monopolized by a young gentleman named Allen Kearns, who acts the rôle of the hero's philandering chum with a graceful awkwardness and well-sustained humor. Except for a few vulgar innuendos the play is mildly entertaining.

The Whole Town's Talking

Farce in three acts by John Emerson and Anita Loos, produced by A. H. Woods at the Bijou Theatre, August 29, with the following cast:

Henry Simmons, James Bradbury; Mrs. Simmons, Lucia Moore; Chester Binney, Grant Mitchell; Ethel Simmons, June Bradley; Roger Shields, Gerald Oliver Smith; Lela Wilson, Violet Dunn; Sally Wilson, Alice Dunn; Donald Swift, Harold Salter; Letty Lythe, Catherine Owen; Sadie, Jeanne Greene; Annie, Eleanor Kennedy; Taxi-Driver, Ellsworth Jones.

THE central theme of this piece is not new. The idea of the good young man who must appear to be a rake if he is to win the heart of a silly young woman who has no use for any male not in the boulder class, has been used time and time again. If I remember rightly it served a season or two ago for a comedy called *A Very Good Young Man* in which Wallie Eddinger played the title rôle and Alan Dinehart, as a singing waiter, made his first metropolitan hit. The opportunities offered by the somewhat hackneyed plot for amusing dialogue, hilarious situations and rapid fire farcial acting are, however, endless and with Grant Mitchell leading the cast it is almost needless to say that full advantage is taken of all the scope offered. The result is an evening of capital entertainment.

Ethel Simmons (June Bradley) fuses to marry Chester Binney (Grant Mitchell) because he wears the wrong clothes. She prefers a silly ass who can at least mix cocktails and act divinely. Papa (James Bradbury) takes fright. Such a d—d fool as a son-in-law is unthinkable. He must marry Chester. The latter is willing but far too bashful to suggest marriage. The only way, Dad points out, is to pretend he is not so simple after all, but on the contrary a Don Juan with a dozen scandalous affairs to his credit. Mr. Simmons makes him buy a photo of a famous movie star, and on the back of it together forge a very compromising inscription, making it appear as if Chester has been the lady's lover. This picture is left where Ethel can cover it. Delighted at the find, Ethel at once views Chester in a favorable light, and they are engaged. Meantime, Chester's new reputation as a libertine of the most depraved type spreads all over town. Suddenly a movie star arrives accompanied by her fiancé, a formidable six-footer. Chester takes alarm, as well he might for the actress, not understanding the great interest of which she is the object, comes to demand an explanation. The efforts of Chester and his prospective father-in-law to avoid exposure and punishment furnish moments of side-splitting gaiety.

Grant Mitchell, always droler, is funnier than usual as the unhappy Chester. He got out of the part there is in it, but although his is the star rôle, he is quite overshadowed in the fun making by the father, most amusing character administered by James Bradbury.

Zeno

Drama in three acts by Joseph Rinn, produced by the Hampton Corporation at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, August 25.

IT is hardly necessary to comment on this melodramatic thriller except by way of record. The piece came here with the reputation of having scored in Chicago, but wherefore was not revealed on the occasion of its first Broadway showing. The plot, dealing with a pery and mysterious crook named Zeno, who baffles the police, but who succeeds in wholly mystifying the audience, is banal and childish to the point of tears. There are also a lot of spiritualistic goings on with noises and weird lights that do violence to the intelligence of the spectators. The piece labors with the additional handicap of being miserably acted. Some of the professionals in the cast were worse than the rawest amateurs.

(Concluded on page 76)



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We ran across the game through going behind the scenes of *The Breaking Point* at the Klaw Theatre to see Miss Gail Kane. It was during an *entr'acte* and we found Miss Kane's gay and charming self seated at one corner of her dressing-table with Reginald Barlow of the cast on the other side, and between them a square red box, divided into compartments somewhat like an *hors d'oeuvre* tray, on which they were both intent. We might have imagined that they were fortifying themselves with a bite of something to carry on through the evening, save that in their hands they held playing cards, which Mr. Barlow had just finished dealing.

"Just a moment," Miss Kane smiled at us where we stood in the door, put down a card and laughing at Mr. Barlow dipped into one of the compartments and gathered up not an *hors d'oeuvre*, but several chips. A few seconds later Miss Kane announced triumphantly to Mr. Barlow, "Pay me," and here we were permitted to interrupt, which we did promptly, forgetting the main business for which we had come for bursting with curiosity over the game.

"What is it? Something new?" we asked.

"New," said Miss Kane, "and old. It's a fascinating card game just arrived from Egypt by way of London and Paris. The Arabs have played it for hundreds of years. Therefore it's old to Egypt, but new to America. Someone gave it to me the other day, and everyone has gone mad about it. It's really a combination of a little bit of everything . . . It's chancy and has all the fascination and pep of poker, big counts like Mah Jong, and the keenness of bridge, but it doesn't require lessons, nor the concentration that either that or bridge does.

"That's why it is such a beautiful game for us here. Players—in two senses—can go and come . . . take it or leave it, so to speak, though you have to be alert and very much on the job when you do play. I imagine the whole country will be playing the game once they get started . . . men, women, and children . . . it's so simple and such good fun. And the box is so small and light you can pick it up and carry it around anywhere. It would be ideal to take on a motor trip. Don't you want to try a hand?"

But right here we remembered what we had come to see Miss Kane about and promised ourself to buy the game later, which we did, with the result mentioned in the first paragraph. To wit we are enmeshed in its toils.

As to our original intention in calling on Miss Kane, that will appear elsewhere. But you might like to hear of a purchase she showed us, made that afternoon for her bathroom,—her favorite French bath salts.

"I should think women would like to know about these," said Miss Kane, holding up a glass container very swanky in get-up. "The salts are so good and their perfumes are so strong and fragrant and come in such a variety of odors . . . to say nothing of the variety of shades so that you can match any color scheme your bath may happen to have. Aren't you in love with the idea of a bathroom that matches up in every detail?" The answer to which, we think, is the by now famous one of Cyril Maude's "Aren't we all!"

(If you care to have the new Egyptian game send us one dollar (\$1.00) and we will ship it to you direct. For the name of the French bath salts used by Miss Kane and where it may be purchased, write *The Vanity Box*, *Care The Theatre Magazine*, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.)



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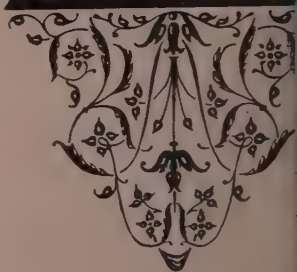
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(Concluded from page 10)

B. BRADIUS: Fear him not, Caesar, for he, too, is wed Unto a lady who would be a star.
CAESAR: Would he were fatter But I fear him not.
I rather tell thee what is to be done Than what I do. For always I am Caesar!

(Exeunt)

Scene 5—Caesar enters the Senate (Producing Managers' Ass'n). Managers ranged in semi-circle, like Minstrel First Part. All rise and greet Caesar with: "Hail hail, the Gang's all here!"

CAESAR: Gentlemen, be seated. What is now amiss That Caesar and his Senate must redress?

BRADIUS: Bill Bradius doth desire you to establish

A Central Ticket-selling agency,— Abolishing all ticket speculators, And giving all house treasurers the air.
CINNA: (Cynically) They've been abolishing us for twenty years, But while we pay State licenses we stick.

CAESAR: The Ayes appear to have it, for the Nays

Are all drowned out by Bilious Bradius' brays.

Let Lepidus Leblang be named our dealer, For he can cut the pasteboards like a gambler.

CASSIUS: Most high, most mighty and most puissant Caesar, F. Cassius Ziegfeld throws before thy seat

His resignation!

CAESAR: I must prevent thee, Cassius, Thou canst not quit until six months are served.

BRUTUS: I call thy bluff and quit thy company, Caesar;— Give us rain checks!

(Exeunt Brutus and Cassius)

CAESAR: Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar!

(Caesar falls. The Senators fall into confusion. Some chant the ancient and mournful anthem!

"Oi, yoi, yoi—Shikker iss der Goi") (Fade out).

Scene 6—Brutus and Cassius in conference. Enter Casca.

CASSIUS: Casca, I pray you;—What, did Caesar swoon?

CASCA: He fell down and for once was wholly speechless.

BRUTUS: 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

CASSIUS: No, Caesar hath it not,—but you and I

And Casca Belasco—we have falling sickness.

CASCA: I know not what you mean, but I am sure

Caesar fell down,—and not for the first time.

You all do know how at the National He nine times did present a so-called play—

BRUTUS: Not As You Like It,—as I, forsooth, Nor as the public liked it,—from a gate—

CASCA: The gate they gave it after one brief week!

BRUTUS: While we, his minions, manly are assessed

Our good sesterces to make up losses!

CASSIUS: Now, in the name of all gods at once,

From what far Land—is this, Caesar, sprung

That he hath grown so great?

BRUTUS: Thou knowest well He draweth from the general ink fund

A salary of fifteen thousand dra—mas—

CASCA: To prove what fools we managers can be!

(Enter Mark Klaw Antony, Octavius Shubertus and army of ex-Ticket Scalpers led by Lepidus Leblang.)

BRUTUS: But here comes Antony Welcome, Mark Antony,—

I have an attachment for you—ANTONY: I take an appeal

OCTAVIUS: Mark Antony, shall give sign of battle?

ANTONY: No, Jakelee, we will answer on their charge.

BRUTUS: Words before dollars, is so, Antony?

OCTAVIUS: Not that we love you better, as you do.

BRUTUS: Good words are better than bad "strikes," Octavius.

OCTAVIUS: Defiance, traitors, hurl in your teeth;

If you dare fight today, come to courts!

BRUTUS: Let us do so, for we are the stake,

And bayed about with fearful Equities

CASSIUS: Well then, blow wind, swell bills and sink the ship;

The storm is up, and all is on hazard!

(They draw Injunctions, Demurrors and other legal weapons. They fight until all but Ticket Scalpers are extinct.)

Battle Allegory à la Four Horsemen of the Box-eclipse.

Scene 7—Long-shot of Central Ticket Agency Curb Market.

LEPIDUS LEBLANG: What am I bidding boxes at the Met?

CINNA NEWMAN: Three dollars near Jeritza's singing—NIT.

CITIZEN: (Meekly) Please, Miss, may I buy a single seat?

OMNES: Get out o' here! What do you mean? Buttin' in our business

(Citizen is thrown out into the street where he is promptly arrested blocking traffic.)

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A LIFE OF LEON BAKST As colorful and as fantastic as his own drawing the life of Leon Bakst has been enclosed in of enormous volume and brought here from Berlin Brentano's.

It is a lavish gift volume, huge enough to stand three shelves high in the library, and beautiful enough to be a decorative addition in itself. As you turn its vast pages, you follow the swift, ever-changing adventures of this dominating figure in scenic art who rose so suddenly out of Petrograd. He it was who supplied the spark from which two continents caught fire in a "Russian vogue" which is by no means ended. His story was written by André Levinson, his close friend and admirer who has the sensitive eye for picturesque detail which makes the perfect Boswell.

"I have been an eye-witness of these earlier creations of Bakst that mark an epoch in the history of Russian painting and the Russian Theatre," writes M. Levinson. With these memories before him, he leads us from the little winding street in Petrograd where Bakst was born, up through the stages of exciting adventures, of tense struggle, of volcanic outbursts and spectacular rewards in Paris, Greece, Moscow and New York, in fact, in every city where the ballet is known and loved. And it carries us through these wanderings to the present time where the Bakst creations are still merging into new and brilliant art forms.

BAKST COLOR PLATES Mr. Levinson intimates that he regards his own work in this volume merely as "a running comment on the extraordinary illustrations which he considers its real *raison d'être*. In this he is unduly modest.

The biography is an absorbing story in itself and would be if it were bound as a slim pamphlet. But the illustrations are, of course, an important and immensely valuable contribution to this chronicle. They are reproductions of the artist's best work—huge plates of blazing and violent color. Many represent his most successful stage and costume designs: the brilliant series from *Sheherazade*, sketches for the dances of Ida Rubinstein for *Salome*, for Hind scenes and the Alladin ballet. There are, also, startling bits of pen and brush work and of the portraits—including the famous one of Jean Cocteau—which will be a revelation to those who know Bakst only for his studies in scenic art.

LITTLE VOLUMES FOR LITTLE THEATRES One of the healthiest signs of the theatre's progress in this country is the sturdy growth of the Little Theatre movement in schools, colleges and clubs from the East Coast to the West. It has obviously outlived the phase in which it might be considered a sudden fad and is here to stay. These organizations have their excellent and enthusiastic directors, they have their local talent (often surprisingly good) but their biggest and most perplexing problem is the finding of plays. It happens that three books have drifted into this desk, which are admirably adapted to these diminutive playhouses.

One is by Colin Campbell Clements and is called frankly "Plays For Folding Theatre," although the theatre's ability to fold gracefully is not an imperative condition of the text. For the most part the plays are delicate bits of nonsense with pensive undertones. Among them is *Pierrot*, "a morality play, the moral being that he also sees who only sits and sits." In a little French café one night, all life comes to *Pierrot* and passes him by. A most sinister note is sounded in *Moon Tide* in which the sea "crawlin' up out of the black mud" avenges the murder of old Hank. The stage directions are helpful but not arbitrary, and the settings are such that they could be reduced to an degree of simplicity.

PORTMAN-TEAU PLAYS Stuart Walker, who first made known to us the magic concealed in a portable playhouse, has issued another series which he calls *More Portmanteau Play*. They are made up of *The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree*, in which Fay Bainter is a delicate memory, *The Very Naked Boy*, which first captured Gregory Kelly and *Jonathau Makes a Wish*, that charming fantasy of youth and dreams.

Edward Hale Bierstadt has written a sympathetic and understanding introduction which traces the history of the Portmanteau plays and player and dwells with engaging frankness on their struggles for recognition, their

(Continued on Page 74)

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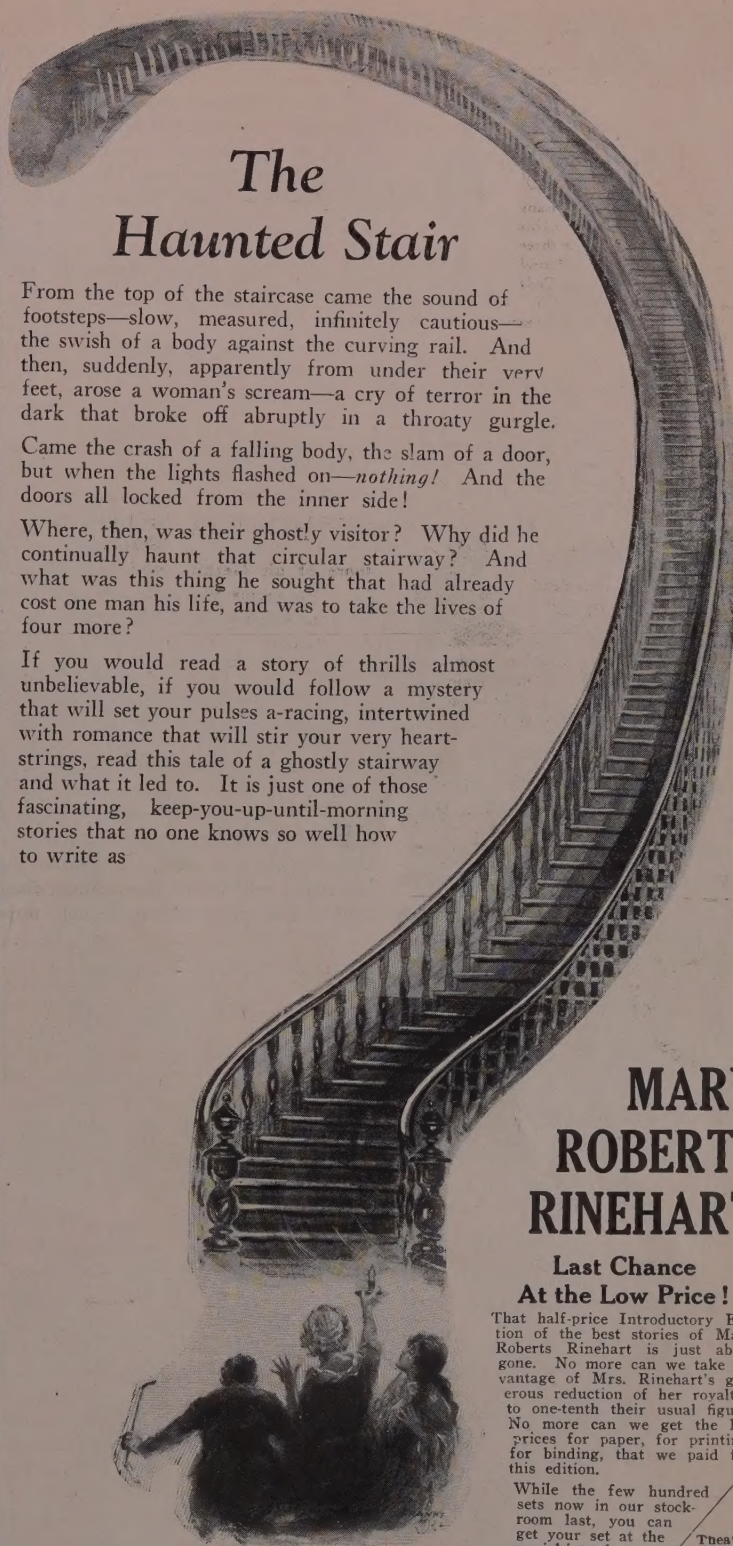
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(Concluded from page 72)

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failures and their triumphs. Both these volumes are from the work-shop of Stewart-Kidd.

The third book bears the alluring title of *Frightful Plays*. It is a delightful mixture of play and essay, for Charles S. Brooks, the author, is so carried away by the story of how he happened to write the plays, that the book is almost half introduction after the manner of the chatty Bernard Shaw.

When you finally reach the plays, you find them utterly charming and entirely practical for amateur or professional production. They are not, as the title might imply, after the Grand Guignol manner. The first is a breathless yarn about pirates called *Wappin' Wharf*, with its scenes laid on the wind-swept coast of Devon, and with diverse, terrifying and picturesque characters. The second is *At the Sign of the Greedy Pig*, "a frightful comedy of beggars" with satire and melodrama woven together in a spirit of irresistible fantasy. The book is published by Harcourt Brace with droll illustrations by Julia Flory.

MORE PLAYS BY SCHNITZLER

"To the great mass of the American public," writes Pierre Loving, "Arthur Schnitzler is still a far, half-rumored country upon whose bourne the proverbial tired pedestrian seldom touches. "In Europe," he adds, "Schnitzler's dramatic pieces are ranked on a par with those of his German confrères, Hauptmann and Wedekind."

This seems hardly fair to that precious minority of the American people who so eagerly took *The Affairs of Anatol* to their breast. Nevertheless, Mr. Loving has written a shrewd and provocative introduction to these *Comedies of Words*, a series of short plays written by the brilliant Austrian. It is made up of *The Hour of Recognition*, *The Big Scene*, *The Festival of Bacchus*. Then, as an after-thought of still shorter plays, we have *Literature and His Helpmate*.

In the subsoil of these, as Mr. Loving has pointed out, lurks the germs of his larger, more discursive plays. Each, however, is a closely knit, perfected study of life's little ironies. *Literature* was given here by the Washington Square Players and we have a dim recollection that *The Festival of Bacchus* once horrified a group of Puritan first-nighters. But for the most part, the plays will be an illuminating discovery to the average theatre-goer who knows and enjoys Schnitzler only through his more popular works.

ICEBOUND

It is an unwritten law that a play important enough to win the Pulitzer prize must immediately emerge between book-covers. Little, Brown Co. have published this homespun drama of the icebound New England family and of the appealing young orphan who manages to thaw their frosty hearts. In its present form, it will make a worthy and significant addition to the collection of prize plays now developing on so many book-shelves.

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In ever-increasing numbers, a vast army of movie-struck boys and girls are setting out for Hollywood to make their fortune. It is quite natural that a special literature should develop for these mute, inglorious Mertons of the Movies and we already see indications of it in the bulk of advice in magazines and behind bookcovers.

"Acting for the Cinema," by Agnes Platt, seems among the most helpful of its kind. Realizing that you cannot teach anyone to act any more than you can teach them to grow, Miss Platt very sensibly confines her lectures to negative advice. She has arranged a series of emphatic "don'ts" for the novice which ought to prove beneficial not only for the prospective actress but for the audiences who are obliged to watch them.

We were particularly impressed with one bit of advice in the chapter headed, "How to Get a Movie Engagement":

"If," says Miss Platt, "when talking to you, the producer makes jokes, don't let them fall flat. Laugh enough but not too much."

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(Continued from page 42)

quently special programs for evenings of recreation. Lester Raines is Director of Dramatics at the University, and Frederica V. Shattuck heads the Department of Public Speaking. The Little Country Theatre idea grows apace, and it is logical that it should. There is urgent need for dramatic entertainment of the better sort in country communities, which only the Country Theatre can fill.

WALTER HAMPDEN TO ADVISE COLLEGE PLAYERS

WALTER HAMPDEN has accepted the chairmanship of the Advisory Committee to the Washington Square College Players of New York University made vacant by the death of the late Louis Calvert. The other members of the Committee are Dudley Digges, Sheldon K. Viele and Norman-Bel-Geddes. In a letter to Randolph Somerville, head of the Department of Dramatic Art at New York University, accepting the chairmanship, Mr. Hampden paid a warm tribute to Mr. Calvert whose work he characterized as of great value to the Stage. Mr. Hampden said he believed as Calvert had, that study of the stage in colleges and universities meant much to the future of the theatre and that in spite of the arduous season he has in prospect he would be glad to further the work in every way possible.

STAGING SHAKESPEARE

(Concluded from Page 41)

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THE LABORATORY THEATRE

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(Open October 1st, 1923)

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The Laboratory Theatre combines a school and a working theatre.

All students of this school, in addition to their scheduled work, will take an active part in every production of the theatre. Students will be accepted only after a special examination.

After completing their courses, competent students may have the opportunity to remain as permanent members of the Laboratory Theatre.

The Director of the Laboratory Theatre and School, selected by the organization for the first three years, will be

RICHARD BOLESZAWSKY

Former Director of the Moscow Art Theatre Studio

Prospectus may be obtained by mail from the Executive Secretary of the Theatre, Michel Barroy, 304 West 71st Street, New York.

The tuition fee is Ten Dollars (\$10.00) a week, payable four weeks in advance. Five free scholarships are available for the most capable students.

The work of the first year will include:

The Upstart Nobleman—Molière

The Cricket on the Hearth—Charles Dickens

The Chimes—Charles Dickens

One of Shakespeare's Comedies.

(Concluded from page 66)

The Jolly Roger

Romantic comedy in four acts by A. E. Thomas, produced by Walter Hampden at the National Theatre on August 30, with the following cast:

Barney Blum, Le Roi Operti; Long Tom, C. Norman Hammond; Flint, Reynolds Evans; Zeno, Melvin Oglesby; Toohy, P. J. Kelly; Red Dominique, Ernst Rowan; Teach, Murray Darcy; Sam, William H. Stephens; Van Kirk, Allen Thomas; Martin, William Sauter; Sebastian, Paul Guilfoyle; Hilda, Borner, Carroll McComas; Adam Trent, Pedro de Cordoba; Helmsman, Marcel Dill; Nat, Joseph Latham; Purrington, H. E. Humphrey; Mistress Purrington, Ruth Chorpennig; Pirates—Philo Higley, Louis Polan, Albert G. West and W. H. Bright.

THE JOLLY ROGER revives memories of *Captain Applejack*, but neither the new play nor the acting of it, will ever give to those who see it the delightful thrills and chuckles which its successful predecessor did.

There is the pirate ship, with its fierce brigands, and the leading male character who, pretending to be the fiercest pirate of them all, swaggers through his rôle with much braggadocio and flourish of guns and knives. But there is this difference: Wallace Eddinger and his supporting cast understood thoroughly the whimsical rôles for which they were cast, and strutted through them with delightful abandon. Then, too, the idea of a staid Englishman, with all his pent-up dreams and vivid imagination and wistful longings, suddenly becoming

the commander of a pirate ship rather daring and delightful. was the idea embodied in *Captain Applejack*.

Pedro De Cordoba, the captain of the pirate brig *The Jolly Roger*, is miscast. He is too slight of build, too mincing in manner, too unconvincing in speech, too utterly unconvincing in the rôle of the commander of the band of ferocious bandits of the sea. Thomas fails to reveal to the audience who the pretender is, whence he comes from, or anything about him even at the close of the play. The audience is also left to wonder why he finally digs up a ship on which to sail away from the Desert island, which he and the heroine are stranded on. It is all right to mystify your audience, but good technique demands that the things should be cleared up at the end.

Carroll McComas could be expected not to scintillate in such a rôle as passed out to her, and she lived up to expectations. It was a dull, insipid part and she could not be blamed for her apparent lack of interest in it.

The bandits, in their colorful costumes, and with their flourishing swords and knives, have the choice rôles. The stage settings are admirable in effect, and carried out with a fine appreciation of detail. But *The Jolly Roger* makes its bow just as a season is so too late. *Captain Applejack* is too warm in the memories of those who made his acquaintance to leave room for a less delightful successor.



NEW YORK'S DRAMATIC SCHOOLS

IF we are to judge by the announcements that have come to us during the past month, New York is to be particularly active in the study of the Drama and Play Production, this Fall and Winter. In fact, nowhere else can the student of the Drama find so many opportunities for serious first hand study as in New York, which leads the world in the quality and variety of its plays and the excellence of its schools of the theatre.

The colleges and universities of the country have been important factors in the development of the art of the theatre in America, and since the establishment of the first chair of Drama in Columbia University in 1891, practically every important school and college in the country has given recognition to the Drama.

The increasing demand for dramatic training has lead Columbia University to formulate a plan of co-operation with the American Academy of Dramatic Arts by which courses covering practically the whole field of the art of the theatre will be available to students. Columbia is not equipped to offer adequate technical training in any of the arts of the theatre, except playwrighting and dramatic criticism

but in joining forces with the American Academy of Dramatic Arts (probably the oldest dramatic school in America) with its completely equipped theatre, Columbia is able to round out a dramatic course that should prove highly attractive to students.

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